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THE HUDSON  
SHAKESPEARE









*Sara Nelson*

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Ros. "Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means,"

As You Like It. Act 1, Scene 2.

Page 22.

THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL  
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE  
REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

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*IN TWENTY VOLUMES.*

VOL. V.

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## AS YOU LIKE IT.

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REGISTERED at the Stationers', in London, on the 4th of August, 1600. Two other of Shakespeare's plays, and one of Ben Jonson's, were entered at the same time; all of them under an injunction, "to be stayed." In regard to the other two of Shakespeare's plays, the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both of them were entered again in the course of the same month, and published before the end of that year. In the case of *As You Like It*, the stay seems to have been kept up; perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the theatrical company unwilling to part with their interest in it.

This is the only contemporary notice of the play that has been discovered. As it was not mentioned in the list given by Francis Meres in 1598, we are probably warranted in presuming it had not been heard of at that time. The play has a line, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" apparently quoted from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598. So that we may safely conclude the play to have been written some time between that date and the date of the forecited entry at the Stationers'; that is, when the Poet was in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year. The play was never printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, — *The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works; and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled *Rosalynd; Euphues' Golden Legacy*. As the *Tale of Gamelyn* was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor indeed can much be alleged as indicating that he ever did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir John of Boundis, being

about to die, calls in his wise friends to advise him touching the distribution of his property among his three sons. They advise him to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn, the youngest, being his favourite son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. The Poet goes much more according to their advice; Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. A few other resemblances, also, may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel; though none of them are so strong as to force the inference that Shakespeare must have consulted the *Tale*.

Lodge's *Rosalind* was first printed in 1590; and its popularity appears in that it was reprinted in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounced it a "worthless original"; but this sweeping sentence is so unjust as to breed some doubt whether he had read it. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, the novel has no little merit; and is very well entitled to the honour of having contributed to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt indeed at fine writing; pedantic in style, not a little blemished with the elaborate euphemism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum; nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming.

To make a full sketch of the novel, in so far as the Poet borrowed from it, would occupy too much space. Still it seems desirable to indicate, somewhat, the extent of the Poet's obligations in this case; which can be best done, I apprehend, by stating, as compactly as may be, a portion of the story.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving nearly a third to Rosader the youngest. After a short period of hypocritical mourning for his father, Saladyne went to studying how he might defraud his brothers, and ravish their legacies. He put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Rosader bore this patiently



for three years, and then his spirit rose against it. While he was deep in meditation on the point, Saladyne came along and began to jerk him with rough speeches. After some interchange of angry and insulting words, Rosader "seized a great rake, and let drive at him," and soon brought him to terms. Saladyne, feigning sorrow for what he had done, then drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might devise how to finish him out of the way.

Now, Gerismond, the rightful King of France, had been driven into exile, and his crown usurped, by Torismond, his younger brother. To amuse the people, and keep them from thinking of the banished King, the usurper appointed a day of wrestling and tournament; when a Norman, of great strength and stature, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to dispatch Rosader, in case Rosader should come within his grasp. He then pricked his brother on to the wrestling, telling him how much honour it would bring him, and that he was the only one to uphold the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad of such an opportunity. When the time came, Torismond went to preside over the games, taking with him the Twelve Peers of France, his daughter Alinda, his niece Rosalynd, and all the most famous beauties of the Court. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the centre of attraction, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament being over, the Norman offered himself as general challenger at wrestling. While he is in the full career of success, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself for a trial. He quickly puts an end to the Norman's wrestling; though not till his eyes and thoughts have got badly entangled with the graces of Rosalynd. On the other side, she is equally smitten with his handsome person and heroic bearing, insomuch that, the spectacle being over, she takes from her neck a jewel, and sends it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favour.

This outline, as far as it goes, almost describes, word for word, the course and order of events in the play. And so it is, in a

great measure, through the other parts and incidents of the plot ; such as the usurper's banishment of his niece, and the escape of his daughter along with her ; their arrival in the Forest of Arden, where Rosalynd's father has taken refuge ; their encounter with the shepherds, their purchase of the cottage, and their adventures in the pastoral life. So, too, in the flight of Rosader to the same Forest, taking along with him the old servant, who is called Adam Spencer, his carving of love-verses in the bark of trees, his meeting with the disguised Rosalynd, and the wooing and marrying that enrich the forest scenes.

Thus much may suffice to show that the Poet has here borrowed a good deal of excellent matter. With what judgment and art the borrowed matter was used by him can only be understood on a careful study of his workmanship. In no one of his comedies indeed has he drawn more freely from others ; nor, I may add, is there any one wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his wisdom as shown in what he left unused, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In that work we find no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey ; nothing, indeed, that could yield the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It scarce need be said that these superaddings are enough of themselves to transform the whole into another nature ; pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit and humour and poetry.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.	CORIN, } Shepherds.
FREDERICK, his usurping Brother.	SILVIUS, }
AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the	WILLIAM, a country Fellow, in love
JAQUES, } exiled Duke.	with Audrey.
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon Frederick.	HYMEN.
CHARLES, Frederick's Wrestler.	ROSALIND, daughter to the exiled Duke.
OLIVER, } Sons of Sir Roland de	CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
JAQUES, } Bois.	PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
ORLANDO, }	AUDREY, a country Wench.
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.	
DENIS, }	
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.	Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar	

SCENE, *at first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. — OLIVER'S Orchard.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, — he bequeathed me by will but poor a<sup>1</sup> thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed

<sup>1</sup> Such was the usage of the time. We have like forms of speech in *good my lord, sweet my coz, gentle my brother, dear my sister*, and many others. — "On his blessing," in the next line, means *as the condition of* his blessing.

me well : and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques<sup>2</sup> he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept ; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,<sup>3</sup> and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me his countenance<sup>4</sup> seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility<sup>5</sup> with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[*ADAM retires.*]

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare and other dramatists of his time use *Jaques* as a dissyllable, and, wherever the name occurs in their verse, the metre requires it to be pronounced so.

<sup>3</sup> *Manage* was used for the training, breaking, or educating of a horse to obey the hand and voice.

<sup>4</sup> *Countenance*, here, is *treatment* or *entertainment*. Well explained in Selden's *Table Talk* : " The old law was, that when a man was fined, he was to be fined *salvo contenemento*, so as his countenance might be safe ; taking *countenance* in the same sense as your countryman does when he says, if you will come to my house, I will show you the best countenance I can ; that is, not the best face, but the best *entertainment*."

<sup>5</sup> *Mines* for *undermines*, and *gentility* for *noble birth*. So that the meaning is, " What an honourable parentage has done for me, he strives to undo by base breeding."

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir ! what make you here ?<sup>6</sup>

*Orl.* Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir ?

*Orl.* Marry,<sup>7</sup> sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while !<sup>8</sup>

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal's portion<sup>9</sup> have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir ?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well : here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir ?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>10</sup>

*Oli.* What, boy !

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>6</sup> "What *make* you here ?" is old language for "what *are* you *doing* here ?" A very frequent usage.

<sup>7</sup> *Marry* was used a good deal in colloquial language as a petty oath or intensive ; something like the Latin *heracle* and *edepol*. This use of *marry* sprang from a custom of swearing by St. Mary the Virgin.

<sup>8</sup> *Be naught*, or *go and be naught*, was formerly a petty execration between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others, as *be hanged*, *be cursed*, &c. ; *awhile*, or *the while*, was added merely to round the phrase.

<sup>9</sup> The allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son is obvious enough.

<sup>10</sup> Nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due.

<sup>11</sup> The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers ; and, with the retort of *elder* brother, he grasps him with



*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois ; he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient : for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.<sup>12</sup> The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery<sup>13</sup> my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you ; you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog !

*Adam.* Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*

firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy. So in Lodge's story : "Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."

<sup>12</sup> *Qualities* here probably means *pursuits* or *occupations* ; thus according with *exercises* a little after. The Poet often uses *quality* so,

<sup>13</sup> *Allottery* is *portion* ; that which is *allotted*.

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,<sup>14</sup> and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Denis!

*Enter DENIS.*

*Den.* Calls your Worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles the Duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENIS.*] — 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your Worship.

*Oli.* Good morrow, Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the new Court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay<sup>15</sup> behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved

<sup>14</sup> *Rankness* is *overgrowth*, or having too much blood in him. Oliver's thought is, that Orlando is growing too big for his station, and so needs to be taken down. The Poet repeatedly uses to *physic* for to *heal*.

<sup>15</sup> *To stay* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund*, and so is equivalent to *by* or *from staying*. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare, and sometimes makes his meaning obscure. See vol. i., page 207, note 12.

of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live ?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden,<sup>16</sup> and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood<sup>17</sup> of England : they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,<sup>18</sup> as they did in the golden world.<sup>19</sup>

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke ?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall<sup>20</sup> acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou

<sup>16</sup> *Ardenne* was a large forest in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

<sup>17</sup> This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. His character and mode of life are well delivered in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

<sup>18</sup> *Carelessly* is used elegantly here, in the sense of *freedom from care*.

<sup>19</sup> Of this fabled golden age,—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed,—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, *The Tempest*, Act ii., scene i.

<sup>20</sup> *Shall* for *will*. The two were often used indiscriminately. "Will have to do his best" is the meaning. *Him* for *himself*, of course.



shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother : therefore use thy discretion ; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,<sup>21</sup> he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other ; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but, should I anatomize<sup>22</sup> him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment :<sup>23</sup> if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more : and so, God keep your Worship !

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*] — Now will I stir this gamester :<sup>24</sup> I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle ; never school'd, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of

<sup>21</sup> That is, "get himself honour or reputation at your expense."

<sup>22</sup> To *anatomize*, as the word is here used, is to unfold, explain, or expose a thing thoroughly. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a capital instance in point. The same sense survives in the technical use of the word in Medical Science.

<sup>23</sup> *Payment for punishment.* The verb *to pay* is often so used.

<sup>24</sup> *Gamester* was used very much as our phrase *sporting character*, or of one sowing his wild oats.

my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle<sup>25</sup> the boy thither; which now I'll go about. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I,<sup>1</sup> nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

<sup>25</sup> Spur him on. So in *Macbeth*: "That, trusted home, might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

<sup>1</sup> In the unsettled grammar of Shakespeare's time, such a misplacing of the cases, as compared with present usage, was quite common even with the best-educated people.

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,<sup>2</sup> that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off the argument?

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural<sup>3</sup> the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

<sup>2</sup> That is, drive her from it with gibes and flouts.

<sup>3</sup> *Natural* was used, as it still is, like *innocent*, for a veritable fool. The application of *fool* to the professional clown gave rise to many quibbles.

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, Fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:<sup>4</sup> now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old<sup>5</sup> Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation<sup>6</sup> one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that Fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

<sup>4</sup> *Naught* is simply *bad*, as in our word *naughty*. It must not be confounded with *nought*.

<sup>5</sup> *Old* is here merely a term of familiarity, such as Fools were privileged to use to and of all sorts of people.

<sup>6</sup> It was the custom to whip Fools when they used their tongues too freely. *Taxation* is *censure, satire*. So in ii. 7, of this play: "Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein *tax* any private party?"

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that Fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. — Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. —

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau : what's the news ?

*Le Beau.* Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport ! of what colour ? <sup>7</sup>

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam ! how shall I answer you ?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>8</sup>

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning ; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons, —

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

<sup>7</sup> Celia glances, apparently, at *La Beau's* affected or dandified pronunciation of *sport*, he having got it nearer to *spot* than to *sport*.

<sup>8</sup> This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy, or to *lay it on thick*. If a man flatter grossly, it is common to say, *he lays it on with a trowel*. The *Destinies* shape the speech of those who have not sense enough to shape it for themselves.



*Le Beau.* — three proper<sup>9</sup> young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks ; <sup>10</sup> —

*Ros.* *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

*Le Beau.* — the eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas !

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to feel this broken music <sup>11</sup> in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

<sup>9</sup> *Proper* is *handsome* or *fine-looking*. Commonly so in Shakespeare.

<sup>10</sup> *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. There is a quibble on the word *bills*, in the next speech, referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

<sup>11</sup> What sort of music was meant by this phrase, has been much in doubt. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, says the phrase "means what we now term a *string band*." But he has since changed his opinion, and his later explanation, given to Mr. W. A. Wright, Editor of the "Clarendon Press Series," is as follows: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a *consort*. If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a *consort* but *broken music*." The expression occurs in *Henry V.*, v. 2: "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on : since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man ?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young ! yet he looks successfully.<sup>12</sup>

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin !<sup>13</sup> are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated.<sup>14</sup> Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so : I'll not be by. [*The Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.

English broken." And Bacon, Essay xxxvii.: "I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken Musicke."—The implied comparison of *broken ribs* to *broken music* appears to be but a whimsical fancy, with no link of connection but a verbal one suggested by *broken*.

<sup>12</sup> "Looks *successful*," or as one *likely to succeed*. The Poet has repeated instances of adverbs thus used as adjectives, as also *vice versa*.

<sup>13</sup> *Cousin* was used indifferently of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, as well as for what we mean by the term. Shakespeare is full of instances in point. Rosalind is *niece* to Frederick.

<sup>14</sup> This phrase has occurred just before, and of course means "will not yield to entreaty," or "will not be prevailed upon."

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised:<sup>15</sup> we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty, to deny<sup>16</sup> so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;<sup>17</sup> if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

<sup>15</sup> *Misprised* is *prised amiss*, that is, *undervalued*. So, in the first scene, Oliver, muttering to himself of his brother's virtues and popularity, shows his envy by saying, "I am altogether *misprised*."

<sup>16</sup> *To deny* is another gerundial infinitive, and so is equivalent to *in denying*. See page 11, note 15.

<sup>17</sup> Never *in grace*, or *in favour*; never looked upon favourably.



*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.<sup>18</sup>

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. — [CHARLES is borne out.  
What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst<sup>19</sup> have better pleased me with this deed,

<sup>18</sup> *Well breathed* is *well exercised*. Orlando means that he is not yet fairly warm with his work. The verb *to breathe* often occurs in this sense.

<sup>19</sup> *Shouldst* in the sense of *wouldst*. The auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* in Shakespeare's time were used interchangeably, and he has many instances of such use. In Rosalind's second speech below, we have it again: "That *could* give more"; *could* for *would*.

Hadst thou descended from another House.  
But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth :  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,  
His youngest son ; and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Roland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind :  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,<sup>20</sup>  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him :  
My father's rough and envious<sup>21</sup> disposition  
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserved :  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]  
Wear this for me, one out of suits<sup>22</sup> with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —  
Shall we go, coz !

*Cel.* Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain,<sup>23</sup> a mere lifeless block.

<sup>20</sup> Would have given him tears *in addition to* entreaties.

<sup>21</sup> In the Poet's time, *envy* and *envious* were generally used for *malice* and *malicious*. So in the English Bible. See vol. iii., page 180, note 41.

<sup>22</sup> *Out of suits* is *out of favour* ; thrown off or discarded by fortune.

<sup>23</sup> A *quintain* was a figure set up for tilers to run at, in a mock tournament. The form was a post with a cross-bar fixed to the top, turning on a pivot,

*Ros.* He calls us back :<sup>24</sup> my pride fell with my fortunes ;  
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir ?  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz ?

*Ros.* Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved  
High commendation, true applause, and love,  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,<sup>25</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous :<sup>26</sup> what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this, —  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
That here were at the wrestling ?

having a broad board at one end, and a bag full of sand at the other. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield, the quintain turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintain dexterously so as to avoid the blow. Orlando is talking to himself in this speech, the ladies having withdrawn.

<sup>24</sup> Orlando has not called them back : why, then, does Rosalind say this ? Perhaps she wants to talk further with him.

<sup>25</sup> This word occurs very often in the sense of *temper* or *disposition*. So, in *The Merchant*, i. 2, Portia says of the Moorish Prince, who comes to woo her, "If he have the *condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me."

<sup>26</sup> *Humorous* here is *capricious*, *moody*, *crotchety*, or *going by fits and starts*. A frequent usage.

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;  
 But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :  
 Th' other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
 Grounded upon no other argument  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,<sup>27</sup>  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. —

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;<sup>28</sup>  
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother : —  
 But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ; — Cupid have mercy !  
 — not a word ?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
 curs ; throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with  
 reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one  
 should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

<sup>27</sup> Probably meaning "in a better state of things than the present."

<sup>28</sup> That is, from *bad to worse*. A proverbial phrase, apparently.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry *hem*, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.<sup>1</sup> But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; <sup>2</sup> yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well? <sup>3</sup>

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

<sup>1</sup> A quibble is probably intended between *falling* in love and *falling* by a wrestler's hand.

<sup>2</sup> In Shakespeare's time, it was just as correct to speak of *hating* dearly as of loving dearly; of a dear *foe* as of a dear friend. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest foe* in Heaven, or ever I had seen that day."

<sup>3</sup> Celia here speaks ironically, her meaning apparently being, "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, by your reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"



*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our Court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public Court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your Grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, —  
As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your Highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors :  
If their purgation<sup>4</sup> did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself :  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his dukedom ;  
So was I when your Highness banish'd him :  
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

<sup>4</sup> *Purgation is proof of innocence ; clearing themselves of the matter charged.*

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse : <sup>5</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her ;  
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her : she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege :  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself :  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?  
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin.  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the Duke  
Hath banished me, his daughter ?

*Ros.*

That he hath not.

<sup>5</sup> *Remorse*, as usual, for *pity* or *compassion*.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love  
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one :  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No ; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :  
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber<sup>6</sup> smirch my face ;  
The like do you : so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
A gallant curtle-axe<sup>7</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand ; and — in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will<sup>8</sup> —  
We'll have a swashing<sup>9</sup> and a martial outside ;  
As many other mannish cowards have

<sup>6</sup> *Umbur* was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, from Umbria in Italy.

<sup>7</sup> This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword. It was variously spelt, *courtlas*, *courtlast*, *curtlast*.

<sup>8</sup> That is, " Whatever hidden woman's fear lies in my heart."

<sup>9</sup> *Swashing* is *dashing*, *swaggering*. So in Fuller's *Worthies of England* : " A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also with *swash-buckler*, from swashing or making a noise on bucklers."



That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page ;  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state ;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious Court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The curse, or *penalty*, denounced upon Adam was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This is what the Duke and his co-mates do *not*

The seasons' difference, and the icy fang  
 And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind, —  
 Which when it<sup>2</sup> bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
 This is no flattery, — these are counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :<sup>3</sup>  
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing :  
 I would not change it.

*Ami.*

Happy is your Grace,  
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

feel : " they fleet the time *carelessly*, as they did in the golden world." The Duke then goes on, consistently, to say what they *do* feel.

<sup>2</sup> The using of both the relative and the personal pronouns, in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this passage, was not uncommon with the best writers. See vol. iii., page 133, note 25.

<sup>3</sup> The real toadstone, as known to the ancients, was apparently so called from its resemblance to the toad or frog in colour. Pliny says, (trans. Holland,) " The same Coptos sendeth other stones unto us besides, to wit, those which be called *Batrachitæ* ; the one like in colour to a frog, a second unto ivory, the third is of a blackish red." Besides this slight reference to the *Batrachites*, says Mr. King in his *Natural History of Gems and Decorative Stones*, " No further notice of this stone can be traced in the other writers of antiquity. But this singular epithet, primarily intended only to denote the peculiar colour of the stone, furnished later times with the foundation for a most marvellous fable, which long obtained, as the number of examples still preserved attest, universal credit throughout Europe." Understanding the ancient term as implying the natural production of the animal according to the analogy of other similar names, as the *Saurites*, *Echites*, &c., doctors taught that the 'toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.' — WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

And yet it irks me,<sup>4</sup> the poor dappled fools,  
 Being native burghers of this desert city,  
 Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads,<sup>5</sup>  
 Have their round haunches gored.

*I Lord.*

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The verb *to irk* is now seldom used, but its sense in the adjective *irksome* is common. To *irk* is to *grieve*, *vex*, or *annoy*.

<sup>5</sup> Some question has been made as to what these were. Roger Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, appears to settle the matter ; describing two kinds of arrow-heads as follows : "The one having two points or barbs, looking backward to the steel and feathers, which surely we call in English a broad arrow-head or a swallow-tail ; the other having two points stretching forward, and this Englishmen do call a forkhead." And again : "Commodus the Emperor used forked heads, whose fashion Herodian doth lively and naturally describe, saying that they were like the shape of a new moon, wherewith he would smite off the head of a bird, and never miss."

<sup>6</sup> Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up thus :

*Duke S.*

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1 Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into th' needless<sup>7</sup> stream;  
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou makest a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which hath too much*: then, being alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company*: anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him: *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens*;  
'Tis just the fashion: *wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there*?  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, Court,  
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's<sup>8</sup> worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,<sup>9</sup>  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*1 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,  
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

And in a note upon the passage he adds, "The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."

<sup>7</sup> *Needless* for *not needing*. Shakespeare abounds in similar language.

<sup>8</sup> *What* for the indefinite pronoun *whatever*. A frequent usage.

<sup>9</sup> "Kill them up" is old language for "kill them off," or *kill them*.

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be : some villains of my Court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish<sup>1</sup> clown, at whom so oft  
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother's ; fetch that gallant hither :  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;  
I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>2</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *Roynish* properly means *mangy* or *scurvy*. From the French *ronger*, to know, eat, or corrode. Used here as a general term of reproach.

<sup>2</sup> To *quail* is to grow faint, to slacken, give over. — *Inquisition* is inquiry, investigation.



SCENE III. — *Before OLIVER'S House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle master!  
 O my sweet master! O you memory<sup>3</sup>  
 Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?<sup>4</sup>  
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
 Why would you be so fond to overcome  
 The bony priser of the humorous Duke?<sup>5</sup>  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.<sup>6</sup>  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors! within this roof<sup>7</sup>  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:

<sup>3</sup> *Memory* for *memorial* or *remembrancer*. A frequent usage. So in the Communion Service of the Episcopal Church: "A perpetual *memory* of that his precious death," &c.

<sup>4</sup> "What *are* you *doing* here?" See page 9, note 6.

<sup>5</sup> "Why would you be so *foolish* as to overcome?" Such was the more common meaning of *fond* in the Poet's time. And he often omits *as* in such cases. — *Priser* is *prize-fighter*, or contender for prizes. Here, as before, *humorous* has the sense of *moody* or *capricious*. See page 23, note 26.

<sup>6</sup> The Poet is fond of thus mixing incongruous words, in order to express certain complexities of thought. In like sort, even so grave a writer as Richard Hooker has the expression *heavenly fraud*, in a thoroughly good sense. — *Envenoms*, second line after, means *poisons*; not that which makes a man venomous, but that which acts like venom upon him.

<sup>7</sup> *Roof* for *house*; the common figure of putting a part for the whole.

Your brother — (no, no brother ; yet the son —  
Yet not the son — I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father) —  
Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it : if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off :  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place ;<sup>8</sup> this house is but a butchery :  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road ?  
This I must do, or know not what to do :  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;  
I rather will subjéct me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood<sup>9</sup> and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown :  
Take that ; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;

<sup>8</sup> Place here means *residence* or *home* ; sometimes used so still. — *Practices*, line before, is *plottings, treacherous devices*.

<sup>9</sup> Blood turned out of its natural course. Blood here stands for *affection*.



Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility :  
Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.<sup>10</sup> Let me go with you ;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service swet for duty, not for meed !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion ;  
And, having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having : <sup>11</sup> 'tis not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of <sup>12</sup> all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together ;  
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. —  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week : <sup>13</sup>  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

<sup>10</sup> *Kindly* in the sense of *natural*, and therefore *healthy*. See vol. iv., page 220, note 2.

<sup>11</sup> Because their promotion makes them too proud to serve.

<sup>12</sup> *In return for* ; as always in Shakespeare. See vol. i., page 200, note 9.

<sup>13</sup> *A week* put for an indefinite period.

SCENE IV. — *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in Boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore, courage ! good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I can go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you : yet I should bear no cross,<sup>1</sup> if I did bear you ; for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I : when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here ;

A young man and an old in solemn<sup>2</sup> talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess ;

<sup>1</sup> In Shakespeare's time certain English coins had a cross stamped on one side, and hence were called *crosses*. This gave occasion for frequent puns. So Scott, in *Woodstock*, chap. iii.: "No devil so frightful as that which dances in the pocket where there is no *cross* to keep him out." See, also, vol. ii., page 17, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> In old language, *solemn* is often used in the sense of *serious* or *earnest*.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :  
 But if thy love were ever like to mine, —  
 As sure I think did never man love so, —  
 How many actions most ridiculous  
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !  
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
 That ever love did make thee run into,  
 Thou hast not loved :  
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
 Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
 Thou hast not loved :  
 Or if thou hast not broke from company  
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou hast not loved. — O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,  
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him<sup>3</sup> take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>4</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd : and I remember the wooing of a peascod<sup>5</sup> instead of her ; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We that are true lovers run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal<sup>6</sup> in folly.

<sup>3</sup> The imaginary rival for whose visits to Jane the stone was held vicariously responsible.

<sup>4</sup> An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

<sup>5</sup> That is, from the peascod as representing his mistress. *Cod* was formerly used for the *shell* of peas, what we now call the *pod*. Pea-pods seem to have been worn sometimes for ornament.

<sup>6</sup> *Mortal* is said to be used in the Craven dialect as a general intensive,

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food :  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown !

*Ros.* Peace, Fool : he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls ?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. — Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert<sup>7</sup> place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little reck<sup>8</sup> to find the way to Heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality :

or with the sense of *excessive*. So I have often heard such phrases as "*mortal* great" and "*mortal* tall."

<sup>7</sup> *Desert* was used of any wild or uninhabited place.

<sup>8</sup> Little *cares*. The sense of *reck* appears in our word *reckless*.

Besides, his cote,<sup>9</sup> his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
 Are now on sale ; and at our sheepcote now,  
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
 That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,  
 And in my voice <sup>10</sup> most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
 That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
 And willingly could waste <sup>11</sup> my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold :  
 Go with me : if you like, upon report,  
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
 I will your very faithful factor be,  
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

SONG.

*Ami.* *Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
 Here shall he see no enemy  
 But Winter and rough weather.*

<sup>9</sup> That is, *cot* or *cottage* ; the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepcote* in the next line.

<sup>10</sup> "As far as my voice has the power to bid you welcome."

<sup>11</sup> *Waste* for *pass* or *spend*. See vol. iii., page 184, note 3.



*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza : call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing.<sup>1</sup> Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ;<sup>2</sup> and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover<sup>3</sup> the while ; the Duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.<sup>4</sup>

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>5</sup> for my company : I think of as many matters

<sup>1</sup> In Latin, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the *names* of the parties, are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt ; and in Livy we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.

<sup>2</sup> *Dog-apes* are dog-faced baboons.

<sup>3</sup> *Cover* refers to the forthcoming banquet, and seems to be an order for setting out and preparing the table. Accordingly, at the close of the scene, we have "his banquet is prepared." See vol. iii., page 188, note 5.

<sup>4</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses *look* thus as a transitive verb ; equivalent to *look for*. So in the *The Merry Wives*, iv. 2 : "Mistress Page, I will *look* some linen for your head." See vol. iv., page 82, note 11.

<sup>5</sup> *Disputable* for *disputatious* ; according to the indifferent use of active and passive forms then so common. See vol. i., page 235, note 28 ; also vol. iv., page 193, note 11.



as he ; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

All. *Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy  
But Winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.<sup>6</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme :<sup>7</sup>  
Here shall he see gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducadme*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation,<sup>8</sup> to call fools into a circle.

<sup>6</sup> *Note* is here put for *tune*. — "In despite of my invention" probably means "in despite of my *lack of* invention." Such elliptical expressions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. So in iii. 2, of this play: "He that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding"; which evidently means "may complain of *want of* good breeding."

<sup>7</sup> *Ducadme* is three Latin words, *duc ad me*, compressed into one, and means *bring him to me*.

<sup>8</sup> The invocation is Latin, not Greek. Of course the Poet knew this. Perhaps Mr. White explains it rightly: "That the cynical Jaques should pass off his Latin for Greek upon Amiens, is but in character."

I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>9</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke : his banquet is prepar'd.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth<sup>1</sup> forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit<sup>2</sup> is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ;<sup>3</sup> hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will be here with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said !<sup>4</sup> thou look'st cheerly ; and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> A proverbial expression for *high-born* persons.

<sup>1</sup> *Uncouth* properly means *unknown* ; hence *strange*, *wild*, or *savage*.

<sup>2</sup> *Conceit*, as usual, for *conception*, *thought*, or *apprehension*.

<sup>3</sup> Be *comfortable* for be *comforted*, or *take comfort*. The Poet has many like instances of the endings *-able* and *-ed* used indiscriminately.

<sup>4</sup> *Well said* was a common colloquial phrase for *well done*.

SCENE VII. — *The Same as in Scene V.*

*A Table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast ;  
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

*I Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence :  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars,<sup>1</sup> grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.<sup>2</sup>  
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

*I Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company !  
What, you look merrily !

*Jaq.* A Fool, a Fool ! — I met a Fool i' the forest,  
A motley Fool ;<sup>3</sup> — a miserable world ! —  
As I do live by food, I met a Fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.

*Good morrow, Fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,  
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Composed or made up of discords.* See vol. iii., page 76, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> If things are going so contrary to their natural order, the music of the spheres will soon be untuned. See vol. iii., page 212, note 9.

<sup>3</sup> So called because the professional Fool wore a patch-work or parti-coloured dress. The old sense of *motley* still lives in *mottled*. See vol. i., page 104, note 6.

<sup>4</sup> "It will be time enough to call me fool, when I shall have got rich." So in Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs* : "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck." And Ben Jonson in the Prologue to *The Alchemist* : "Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours we wish away."

And then he drew a dial from his poke,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*  
*Thus we may see,* quoth he, *how the world wags :*  
*'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;*  
*And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;*  
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*  
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
 The motley Fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That Fools should be so deep-contemplative ;  
 And I did laugh sans intermission  
 An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool !  
 A worthy Fool ! — Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What Fool is this ?

*Jaq.* O worthy Fool ! — One that hath been a courtier ;  
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know't : and in his brain, —  
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit<sup>6</sup>  
 After a voyage, — he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms. — O, that I were a Fool !

<sup>5</sup> *Poke* is *pocket* or *pouch*. — The Poet repeatedly uses *dial* for what we call a *watch*, as here ; also sometimes for *clock*.

<sup>6</sup> So Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour* : " And now and then breaks a *dry biscuit jest*, which, that it may more easily be chew'd, he steeps in his own laughter." And Batman upon Bartholome has the following, quoted by Mr. Wright : " Good disposition of the brain and evil is known by his deeds, for if the substance of the brain be soft, thin, and clear, it receiveth lightly the feeling and printing of shapes, and likenesses of things. He that hath such a brain is swift, and good of perseverance and teaching. When it is contrary, the brain is not soft : he that hath such a brain receiveth slowly the feeling and printing of things : but nevertheless, when he hath taken and received them, he keepeth them long in mind. And that is sign and token of dryness," &c.

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.*

It is my only suit ;<sup>7</sup>

Provided that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,<sup>8</sup>  
To blow on whom I please ; for so Fools have :  
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?  
The *why* is plain as way to parish church :  
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob :<sup>9</sup> if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squandering glances<sup>10</sup> of the Fool.  
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst  
do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter,<sup>11</sup> would I do but good ?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;

<sup>7</sup> A quibble, of course, between *petition* and *dress*.

<sup>8</sup> "The wind bloweth where it listeth." *Charter* was often used for *liberty*; perhaps from the effect of *Magna Charta* in guarding English freedom.

<sup>9</sup> *Bob* is *blow*, *thrust*, or *hit*. See vol. i., page 124, note 3.

<sup>10</sup> *Squandering glances* are *random* or *scattering thrusts* or *shots*. See vol. iii., page 128, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, pieces of false money used in reckoning, were brought into use in England.



And all th' embossèd<sup>12</sup> sores and headed evils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function,<sup>13</sup>  
That says his bravery<sup>14</sup> is not on my cost —  
Thinking that I mean him — but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
Where then? how then? what then? let's see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,  
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more !

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Embossed* is *protuberant*, or *come to a head*, like boils and carbuncles. So, in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "Thou art a boil, a plague sore, an *embossed* carbuncle." The protuberant part of a shield was called the *boss*. See vol. ii., page 141, note 9.

<sup>13</sup> Of lowest or meanest *calling* or *occupation*; that is, a *tailor*, or one whose "soul is his clothes."

<sup>14</sup> *Bravery* is fine showy dress or equipage. See vol. ii., page 142, note 13.



*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first : the thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en me from the show  
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture.<sup>15</sup> But forbear, I say :  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall  
force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food ; so let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :  
I thought that all things had been savage here ;  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
If ever you have look'd on better days ;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;

<sup>15</sup> This doubling of the preposition was not uncommon in the Poet's time. He has many instances of it. Thus, a little later in this play: "The scene wherein we play in." So, too, in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?" And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i., *Chorus*: "That fair for which love groan'd for."

<sup>16</sup> *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. So in Prospero's description of Caliban: "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature *nurture* can never stick." — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant *rude, unbred*. I am apt to think the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea.

If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear ;  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, —  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days ;  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wiped our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command <sup>17</sup> what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed, —  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort !

[*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy :  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;

<sup>17</sup> "Take as you may choose to order, at your will and pleasure." In Lodge's tale we have it thus: "Gerismond tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and not onely to eat his fill, but *be lord of the feast.*"

And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages.<sup>18</sup> As, first, the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school : And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,<sup>19</sup>  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;<sup>20</sup>  
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,<sup>21</sup>  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

<sup>18</sup> *Totus mundus agit histrionem*, an observation occurring in one of the fragments of Petronius, is said to have been the motto over Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, and was probably a familiar apothegm in his day. The division of human life into certain stages, or epochs, had also a classical origin. In some Greek verses attributed to Solon, — and, whether written by him or not, certainly as old as the middle of the first century, — the life of man is divided into ten ages of seven years each. Other Greek authors distributed it into seven parts, and Varro the Roman into five. A Hebrew doctor of the ninth century, and a Hebrew Poet of the twelfth, have made a similar distribution.

<sup>19</sup> *Pard* is one of the old names for *leopard*.

<sup>20</sup> *Saws* are *sayings* ; often so used. *Modern* is *trite*, *common*, *familiar*. Men may still be seen overflowing with stale, threadbare proverbs and phrases, and imagining themselves wondrous wise. *Instances*, here, is *examples*, *illustrations*, *anecdotes*, such as many an official wiseacre is fond of repeating on all occasions.

<sup>21</sup> The *pantaloons* was a stereotyped character in the old Italian farces : it represented a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his <sup>22</sup> sound : Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome, Set down your venerable burden,  
 And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need : —  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you  
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes. —  
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

*Ami.* *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude ;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art foreseen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot :*

<sup>22</sup> *His* for *its*, the latter not being then in use.

*Though thou the waters warp,<sup>23</sup>  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! &c.*

*Duke S.* If that you are the good Sir Roland's son, —  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you are,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd <sup>24</sup> and living in your face, —  
 Be truly welcome hither : I'm the Duke,  
 That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is. —  
 Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Not seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :  
 But, were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument <sup>1</sup>

<sup>23</sup> In the Poet's time the verb *warp* was sometimes used for *weave*, — a sense now retained only in the substantive. Thus in Sternhold's version of the Psalms : "While he doth mischief *warp*," and "Such wicked wiles to *warp*"; where we should say *weave*. In Hicckes' *Thesaurus* is found a Saxon proverb, "Winter shall *warp* water." And Propertius has a line containing the same figure : "Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit aquas*." The appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization.

<sup>24</sup> *Limn'd* is *lined*, or *depicted*. — It is hardly needful to say that *effigies* is the same in sense as *image*.

<sup>1</sup> *Argument* was used in a good many senses ; here it means *object*.



Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
 Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
 Till thou canst quit<sup>2</sup> thee by thy brother's mouth  
 Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O, that your Highness knew my heart in this !  
 I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. — Well, push him out of  
 doors ;  
 And let my officers of such a nature  
 Make an extent<sup>3</sup> upon his house and lands :  
 Do this expediently,<sup>4</sup> and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :  
 And thou, thrice-crownèd Queen of Night,<sup>5</sup> survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

<sup>2</sup> *Quit* here is *acquit*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. So in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1: "Thou'rt condemn'd: but, for those earthly faults, I *quit* them all." And in *Henry V.*, ii. 1: "God *quit* you in His mercy!"

<sup>3</sup> A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone: "The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the Sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff."

<sup>4</sup> *Expediently* for *expeditiously*. So the Poet uses *expedient* for *expeditious*.

<sup>5</sup> Luna Queen of Night, Proserpine Queen of Hades, and Diana the Goddess of Chastity, were all three sometimes identified in classical mythology; hence the epithet *thrice-crownèd*. In Chapman's *Hymns to Night and to*



Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive <sup>6</sup> she.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the

*Cynthia*, which were doubtless well known to Shakespeare, we have the following highly poetical passage :

Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,  
 That with thy *triple forehead* dost control  
 Earth, seas, and hell.

<sup>6</sup> *Inexpressible* she ; the active form with the passive sense. So Milton in his *Hymn on the Nativity* :

Harping, in loud and solemn quire,  
 With *unexpressive* notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,<sup>7</sup> or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural<sup>8</sup> philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope, —

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd ; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at Court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous<sup>9</sup> state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Master Touchstone : those that are good manners at the Court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me you salute not at the Court but you kiss<sup>10</sup> your hands : that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly ; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fells,<sup>11</sup> you know, are greasy.

<sup>7</sup> In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Lionel says of Amie : "She's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her ;" sick *for want* of him. The usage occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare. See page 42, note 6.

<sup>8</sup> *Natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone puns on the word.

<sup>9</sup> *Parlous* is an old form of *perilous* ; sometimes used with a dash of humour, as appears to be the case in this instance.

<sup>10</sup> *But you kiss* here means *without kissing*. The Poet elsewhere uses *but* in this way. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3 : "Do not sleep *but* let me hear from you." Here the meaning clearly is, "Do not sleep *without letting* me hear from you." See vol. iv., page 82, note 1.

<sup>11</sup> *Hides* or *skins* ; as in Jonson's *Discoveries* : "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep ; to take their fleeces, not their *fells*."

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder<sup>12</sup> instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of<sup>13</sup> a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend:<sup>14</sup> Civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!<sup>15</sup> thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If

<sup>12</sup> Comparatives, and superlatives too, were thus doubled by all writers and speakers in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>13</sup> In *respect of* is in *comparison with*. Often so. See vol. ii., page 102, note 67. Also vol. iv., page 212, note 3.

<sup>14</sup> *Perpend* is *consider*, or *weigh mentally*.

<sup>15</sup> Alluding, apparently, to the practice of surgeons, who used *cuttings* and burnings for the healing of a disease called the *simples*; a quibble being implied withal between *simples* and *simpleton*. His being *raw* is the reason why incision should be made, in Touchstone's logic. Bear in mind that *raw* is used in the double sense of *green* and *sore*, and perhaps this will render the passage clear enough.

thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* *From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lined*<sup>16</sup>  
*Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the face of Rosalind.*

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted : it is the right butter-women's rack<sup>17</sup> to market.

*Ros.* Out, Fool !

*Touch.* For a taste :

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind ;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

<sup>16</sup> *Lined* is delineated or drawn.

<sup>17</sup> *Rack* is an old yet well-known term for the *ambling* motion of a horse ; something between a trot and a gallop ; or a " false gallop."

This is the very false gallop<sup>18</sup> of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull Fool ! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will bear the earliest fruit<sup>19</sup> i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

*Celia.* [Reads.] *Why should this a desert be ?*

*For*<sup>20</sup> *it is unpeopled ? No ;*

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,*

*That shall civil*<sup>21</sup> *sayings show :*

*Some, how brief the life of man*

*Runs his erring pilgrimage,*

*That the stretching of a span*

*Buckles in his sum of age ;*

*Some, of violated vows*

*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :*

*But upon the fairest boughs,*

<sup>18</sup> So in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593 : " I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that, if I should retort the rime doggerel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

<sup>19</sup> The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. Moreover, though the latest of fruits to ripen, it is one of the earliest to rot. Does Rosalind mean that when the tree is grafted with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever ?

<sup>20</sup> *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

<sup>21</sup> *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state.



*Or at every sentence' end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write ;  
 Teaching all that read to know  
 The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little<sup>22</sup> show.  
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide-enlarged :  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;  
 Cleopatra's majesty ;  
 Atalanta's better part ;<sup>23</sup>  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devised ;  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches<sup>24</sup> dearest prized.  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people !*

*Cel.* How now ! back, friends : — shepherd, go off a little : — go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable re-

<sup>22</sup> *In little* means in miniature.

<sup>23</sup> The commentators have been a good deal puzzled to make out what this better part really was. It must have been that wherein Atalanta surpassed the other ladies mentioned. Now she seems to have been the nimblest-footed of all the ancient girls ; so fleet, that she ran clean away from all her lovers, till one of them hit upon the device of throwing golden apples in her way. This would infer exquisite symmetry and proportion of form ; and Orlando must of course imagine all formal, as well as all mental and moral graces, in his "heavenly Rosalind."

<sup>24</sup> *Touches* is *traits* or *qualities*, or both.



treat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *[Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter : the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,<sup>25</sup> which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.<sup>26</sup>

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pr'ythee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful won-

<sup>25</sup> This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Jonson and other writers of the time. So in the *Poetaster* : "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes."

<sup>26</sup> In Holland's Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two hills removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assailing one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise."

derful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping !<sup>27</sup>

*Ros.* Good my complexion,<sup>28</sup> dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery :<sup>29</sup> I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, — either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

<sup>27</sup> To *whoop* or *hoop* is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. *Out of all cry* seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

<sup>28</sup> "Good my complexion" is merely a common inversion for "my good complexion," like "good my lord," "dear my brother," "gentle my sister," &c. The phrase here means, no doubt, "my good wrapper-up of mystery"; as Celia has been tantalizing Rosalind "with half-told, half-withheld intelligence." *Complexion* for *complicator*. For this explanation I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Brae. See Critical Notes.

<sup>29</sup> Here we have a tale of questions falling as thick as hail upon the devoted Celia. See how many things she is called upon to *discover*; and then say whether she has not incurred a laborious and vexatious duty by her *delay* in answering the first question. How plain it is that her *inch* of delay has cast her upon a *South Sea* — a vast and unexplored ocean — of discovery. The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why ? Because Rosalind fills up

*Ros.* Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.<sup>30</sup>

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?<sup>31</sup> What makes he here?<sup>32</sup> Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first:<sup>33</sup> 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies<sup>34</sup> as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

the delay (increases it, in fact) with fresh interrogatories, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South Sea of questions. — INGLEBY.

<sup>30</sup> Speak with a *serious* countenance, and as a true virgin.

<sup>31</sup> "How was he *dressed*?"

<sup>32</sup> "What *makes* he here?" is "What *is* he *doing* here?" or "What is his *business* here?" just as before, in the first scene, note 6.

<sup>33</sup> Gargantua is the name of a most gigantic giant in Rabelais, who forks five pilgrims, staves and all, into his mouth in a salad, and afterwards picks them out from between his teeth; not *swallows* them, as White says.

<sup>34</sup> "An *atomie* is a mote flying in the sun. Any thing so small that it cannot be made less." Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla !<sup>35</sup> to thy tongue, I pr'ythee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.<sup>36</sup>

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden : thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. — Soft ! comes he not here ?

*Ros.* 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God b' wi' you ! let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

<sup>35</sup> This was a term by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse.

<sup>36</sup> A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ? <sup>37</sup>

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>38</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.<sup>39</sup> Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES. CELIA and  
ROSALIND *come forward.*

<sup>37</sup> The meaning is, that goldsmiths' wives have given him the freedom of their husbands' shops, where he has committed to memory the mottoes inscribed on their rings and other jewels.

<sup>38</sup> To answer *right painted cloth* is to answer sententiously. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which was cloth *painted* with various devices and mottoes. The verses, mottoes, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in old writers. See vol. ii., page 99, note 60.

<sup>39</sup> The nimble-footedness of Atalanta has been referred to before, note 23.



*Ros.* [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.— Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: <sup>40</sup> if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

<sup>40</sup> Hardly any thing is so apt to make a short journey *seem* long, as riding on a hard-trotting horse, however fast the horse may go. On the other hand, to ride an ambling horse makes a long journey seem short, because the horse rides so easy. It were hardly needful to say this, but that some have lately proposed to invert the order of the nags in this case.



*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows ; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.<sup>41</sup>

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed<sup>42</sup> a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship<sup>43</sup> too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

*Ros.* There were none principal : they were all like one another as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming most monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our

<sup>41</sup> *Kindled*, here, is altogether another word than our present verb *to kindle*. It is from *kind*, which, again, is from a word meaning *to bring forth*. The word has long been obsolete.

<sup>42</sup> *Removed* is *sequestered*, *solitary*, or *lonely* ; without neighbours.

<sup>43</sup> *Courtship* is the practice of Courts ; *courtliness*.

young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind* : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian <sup>44</sup> of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks ?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, — which you have not ; a blue eye <sup>45</sup> and sunken, — which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, <sup>46</sup> — which you have not ; a beard neglected, — which you have not ; — but I pardon you for that ; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue : <sup>47</sup> — then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man : you are rather point-devise <sup>48</sup> in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you

<sup>44</sup> *Quotidian* was the name of an intermittent fever, so called because the fits came on every day. In like manner, *tertian* and *quartan* were applied to those that came on once in three and once in four days.

<sup>45</sup> Not blue in our sense of the phrase ; but with blueness *about* the eyes, such as to indicate hunger or dejection. Blue eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time.

<sup>46</sup> A reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in *Hamlet* : "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I will speak to thee."

<sup>47</sup> Under the law of primogeniture, a younger brother's revenue was apt to be small. Orlando is too young for his *having* in beard to amount to much.

<sup>48</sup> That is, *precise, exact* ; dressed with finical nicety.

love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : <sup>49</sup> and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish <sup>50</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely <sup>51</sup> monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon

<sup>49</sup> This shows how lunatics were apt to be treated in the Poet's time. But then lunacy was often counterfeited, as it still is, either as a cover to crime or as an occasion for charity.

<sup>50</sup> As changeable as the Moon.

<sup>51</sup> *Merely*, here, is *entirely* or *absolutely*. The Poet often has it thus. And so *mere*, in a former scene : "Second childishness and *mere* oblivion."

me to wash your liver<sup>52</sup> as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you ; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JACQUES behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey : <sup>1</sup> I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? doth my simple feature content you ? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>52</sup> The *liver* was supposed to be the seat of the passions and affections, especially of *love* and *courage*. Shakespeare very often speaks of it so.

<sup>1</sup> *Apace* is *quickly* or *fast*. — *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda* ; the saint of that name being so styled in ancient calendars.

<sup>2</sup> In explanation of this passage, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows : " Mr. W. Wilkins, of Trinity College, Dublin, has recently pointed out that *feature* formerly meant a literary work, a poem, a drama, &c., just as we now call such a work *a composition* ; being from the Latin verb *facere*, to *make*. Ben Jonson uses the word in this sense when he says of his creation, the play of *Volpone*, that two months before it was no *feature* :

To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,  
Which was two months since no *feature* ;  
And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,  
'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it.

Various other examples of the use of this word in the sense of a literary production have been discovered, even as far back as the time of Pliny, who, in the Preface to his *Natural History*, speaks of his work as ' libri nati apud me

*Aud.* Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.<sup>3</sup>

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, — worse than Jove in a thatch'd house !<sup>4</sup>

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.<sup>5</sup> — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*proxima fetura.'*" Then, referring to the passage in the text, Mr. Crosby continues : " From the context we find that Touchstone calls himself 'a poet,' and is nettled because his verses 'cannot be understood,' and laments that the gods had not made his rustic adorer 'poetical.' Here, instead of asking, as the question is commonly supposed to signify, 'How does my intelligent countenance strike you now ?' it is evident that, being a clown of brains and observation, he had been making love, as he had seen it done 'at Court,' by sending 'good Audrey' a poetical billet-doux; and his question means, 'How are you pleased with my love-ditty ?' He tells us elsewhere that he 'could rhyme you eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted'; and no wonder he felt chagrined that his 'simple feature,' as he modestly terms his love-rhymes, was unregarded, and his 'good wit' thrown away, 'not being seconded with the forward child, understanding.' It was not his good looks that the clever and sharp-witted fellow was sensitive about: Audrey could have had no trouble to understand *them* : it was the non-appreciation of his gallant *poetical* 'feature' that disgusted him, and struck him 'more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.'"

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare remembered that *capra* was Latin for goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths*.

<sup>4</sup> We have already had *disputable* for *disputatious*, and *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*. So here we have *ill-inhabited* for *ill-inhabiting*; that is, *ill-lodged*. An old classical fable represents that Jupiter and Mercury were once overtaken by night in Phrygia, and were inhospitably excluded by all the people, till at last an old poor couple, named Philemon and Baucis, who lived in a *thatched house*, took them in, and gave them the best entertainment the house would afford. See page 54, note 6.

<sup>5</sup> Rabelais has a saying, that "there is only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that is between the calling for a reckoning and the paying it." A heavy bill for narrow quarters is apt to dash the spirits of



*Aud.* I do not know what *poetical* is : is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly ; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest : now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd ; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material Fool !<sup>6</sup>

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.<sup>7</sup>

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end I have been with Sir<sup>8</sup> Oliver

tavern mirth. There is, as Singer remarks, "much humour in comparing the blank countenance of a disappointed poet or wit, whose effusions have not been comprehended, to that of the reveller who has to pay largely for his carousing."

<sup>6</sup> A *material Fool* is a Fool with matter in him. — *Honest* and *honesty* are here used for *chaste* and *chastity*. So in i. 2, of this play : "Those that she makes fair, she scarce makes *honest* ; and those that she makes *honest*, she makes very ill-favoured."

<sup>7</sup> Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair* ; that is, for *plain*, *homely*. She has good authority for doing so. Thus in Thomas's *History of Italy* : "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her ; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."

<sup>8</sup> *Sir* was in common use as a clerical title in Shakespeare's time, and long before. He has several instances of it ; as, *Sir* Hugh, the Welsh parson.



Martext, the vicar of the next village ; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy !

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn'd beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, *Many a man knows no end of his goods* : right ! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns given to poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.<sup>9</sup> Is the single man therefore blessed ? No : as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.<sup>10</sup> Here comes Sir Oliver. —

*Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met : will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel ?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman ?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed : I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't : how do you, sir ? You are very well met : God 'ild<sup>11</sup> you for your

<sup>9</sup> *Rascal*, as an epithet of deer, means *lean and out of season*.

<sup>10</sup> A quibble between *horn* as meaning the ornament which bachelors never have, and the same word as meaning the "horn of plenty." See vol. ii., page 47, note II.

<sup>11</sup> That is, "God *yield* you" ; an old phrase for "God *reward* you."

last company : I am very glad to see you : — even a toy in hand here, sir : — nay, pray be cover'd.<sup>12</sup>

*Jaq.* Will you be married, Motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow,<sup>13</sup> sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey :

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. —  
Farewell, good Master Oliver : — not,

*O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee ; —*

but,

*Wend away ; be gone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.*<sup>14</sup>

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.]

<sup>12</sup> Jaques is supposed to be standing with his hat off, out of deference to the present company. See vol. ii., page 74, note 9.

<sup>13</sup> His *yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns.

<sup>14</sup> The ballad of "O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing, *not* that part of the ballad which says, "Leave me not behind thee" ; *but* that which says, "Be gone, I say," probably part of the answer.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter : ne'er a fantastical knave of them  
all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me ; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider  
that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's : <sup>1</sup> marry, his kisses  
are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only  
colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of  
holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana : a nun  
of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very  
ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning,  
and comes not ?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so ?

*Cel.* Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-  
stealer ; but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave  
as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love ?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

<sup>1</sup> Judas was represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red *hair* and *beard*. So in *The Insatiate Countess* : "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; <sup>2</sup> they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question <sup>3</sup> with him: he ask'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: <sup>4</sup> but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:

<sup>2</sup> So the ancient proverb, "At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs."

<sup>3</sup> *Question*, here, is *talk* or *conversation*. See vol. iii., page 193, note 18.

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance *across* the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. See vol. iv., page 238, note 12.

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —  
 Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say  
 I prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :  
 Say that you love me not ; but say not so  
 In bitterness. The common executioner,  
 Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
 But first begs pardon : <sup>1</sup> will you sterner be  
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ? <sup>2</sup>

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner :  
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies —  
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;

<sup>1</sup> It was customary for the executioner to kneel down and ask pardon of the victim, before striking him. — Here, again, *but begs* means *without begging*. See page 55, note 10.

<sup>2</sup> This is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old writers, and seems to have been a common *hysteron-proteron* for *to live and die*. Its meaning has been somewhat disputed. One explanation is, "subsist from the cradle to the grave"; another, "being constant to a thing to the end." I prefer the explanation given by Dr. Sebastian Evans to Dr. C. M. Ingleby: "It means of course, to *make the thing a matter of life and death*. The profession or calling of a man is that *by which he dies and lives*; that is, by which he lives, and failing which he dies."



And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :  
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;  
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>3</sup>  
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever — as that ever may be near -  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>4</sup>  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me ; and, when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you? Who  
might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Cicatrice* is scar, or skin-mark. *Capable impressure* is sensible impression. So the Poet has *incapable* for *insensible* or *unconscious*; *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "As one incapable of her own distress."

<sup>4</sup> The use of *fancy* for *love* is very frequent in Shakespeare.

<sup>5</sup> Rosalind knows that to tell Phebe she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her the prouder; she therefore tells her she



Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
 Of Nature's sale-work :<sup>6</sup> — 'Od's my little life,<sup>7</sup>  
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too ! —  
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship. —  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer<sup>8</sup> man  
 Than she a woman : 'tis such fools as you  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children :  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
 And out of you she sees herself more proper  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her. —  
 But, mistress, know yourself : down on your knees,  
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —  
 Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :  
 Cry the man mercy ;<sup>9</sup> love him ; take his offer :  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.<sup>10</sup> —  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd : — fare you well.  
*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :

ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have any thing to be proud of.

<sup>6</sup> Meaning, apparently, work made for the general market, and not to particular order or for any special purpose or purchaser.

<sup>7</sup> A petty oath ; 'Od's being a diminutive or disguise of *God's*.

<sup>8</sup> *Proper*, again, for handsome. See page 18, note 9.

<sup>9</sup> To *cry* one *mercy* is to *ask* his *pardon*. A frequent usage.

<sup>10</sup> *To be* is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning is, the ugly are most ugly when they add further ugliness *by being* scoffers. See page 20, note 16.

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger : — if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine :  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. —  
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —  
Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud : though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.<sup>11</sup> —  
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, —  
*Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?*<sup>12</sup>

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, —

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love : is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

<sup>11</sup> "If all men could see you, none but he could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful." To *abuse* often has that sense.

<sup>12</sup> This line is from Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ;  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love :  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot<sup>13</sup> once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him :  
'Tis but a peevish boy : — yet he talks well ; —  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth : — not very pretty : —  
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :  
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :  
His leg is but so-so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little ripen and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference

<sup>13</sup> *Churl*, *carle*, and *carlot* are all words of the same origin and meaning. The same person has already been described as " of a *churlish* disposition."

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.<sup>14</sup>  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels<sup>15</sup> as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?<sup>16</sup>  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.<sup>17</sup>  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.*

I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head and in my heart :  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare has reference to the *red rose*, which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose*, in which various shades of colour are *mingled*.

<sup>15</sup> *In parcels* is *in detail* ; part by part.

<sup>16</sup> That is, " What business had he to chide me ? "

<sup>17</sup> *Quittance* is *acquittance*, *release*, or *discharge*. The saying appears to have been proverbial.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern<sup>1</sup> censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ;<sup>2</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,<sup>3</sup> extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

<sup>1</sup> *Modern*, again, for *common* or *ordinary*. See page 50, note 20. — *Extremity*, in the line before, is *excess* or *too much*.

<sup>2</sup> *Nice* here means *fastidious*, *dainty*, or *squeamish*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>3</sup> *Simples* is the old word for *herbs* ; here it has the sense of *elements*.



*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a Fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank verse !

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look, you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable<sup>4</sup> all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit JAQUES.*] — Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight : I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail !

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail ; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, — a better jointure, I think, than

<sup>4</sup> *Disable* in the sense of *disparage*, *detract from*, or *depreciate*.

<sup>5</sup> In Shakespeare's time, Venice was the common resort of travellers, as much as Paris is now. And of course all who went to Venice sailed or "swam in a gondola."



you can make a woman : besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents <sup>6</sup> the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer <sup>7</sup> than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravell'd <sup>8</sup> for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us !) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

<sup>6</sup> *Prevents* in its old sense of *anticipates*. The word literally means *goes before*. — "The slander of his wife" is the slander *caused* by his wife.

<sup>7</sup> *Leer* is *complexion*, *colour*, or *look* ; much used in old metrical romances.

<sup>8</sup> This use of *to gravel* probably sprang from horses being lamed, as they sometimes are, by getting gravel-stones into their hoofs.

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney.<sup>9</sup> The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.<sup>10</sup> But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest,<sup>11</sup> her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition;<sup>12</sup> and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

<sup>9</sup> That is, by *deputy* or *substitute*. A man's *attorney* is one who represents him or stands for him in his cause.

<sup>10</sup> Found, brought in, a verdict of drowned himself for love of Hero. The report of the old chroniclers or historians is *implicitly* compared to the finding of a coroner's inquest.

<sup>11</sup> *Protest*, both verb and noun, is used for a strong affirmation.

<sup>12</sup> A disposition more facile, ready, and encouraging.

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. — What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, *Will you, Orlando,* —

*Cel.* Go to. — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission;<sup>13</sup> but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: — there's a girl goes before the priest;<sup>14</sup> and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they're wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;<sup>15</sup> and I will do that when you are dis-

<sup>13</sup> That is, your *authority* to perform the marriage ceremony.

<sup>14</sup> Goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what should be said first by Celia.

<sup>15</sup> Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City*

posed to be merry : I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>16</sup> and that thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : make the doors<sup>17</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, *Wit, whither wilt?*<sup>18</sup>

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say, she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>19</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours !

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner : by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways : I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, and I thought

*Match :* " Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations." Such an image of Diana, " with water *prilling* from her naked breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe.

<sup>16</sup> The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

<sup>17</sup> *Bar* the doors, make them *fast*.

<sup>18</sup> " Wit, whither wilt ? " is an old proverbial saying often met with in the early English writers.

<sup>19</sup> This, if it be the right text, must mean " represent or make out that her husband was the occasion of her fault." See Critical Notes,

no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me : 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death ! Two o'clock is your hour ?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological<sup>20</sup> break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful : therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try : adieu. [*Exit ORLANDO.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate : we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.<sup>21</sup>

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando :

<sup>20</sup> *Pathetical* sometimes had the sense of *impassioned*. Rosalind seems to be using it playfully, or with mock-seriousness.

<sup>21</sup> Referring to the old proverb, " 'Tis an ill bird that fouls her own nest."



I'll go find a shadow,<sup>22</sup> and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter JAQUES and Lords in the habit of Foresters, with a dead deer.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*1 Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*2 Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

*2 Lord.* *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

[They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden.]

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:*

*It was a crest ere thou wast born;*

*Thy father's father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it:*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>22</sup> *Shadow* for *shade* or *shady place*. So in *The Tempest*, iv. 1: "And thy brown groves, whose *shadow* the dismissed bachelor loves."

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?  
and here much<sup>1</sup> Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he  
hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep.  
Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth :  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this :     [*Giving a letter.*  
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour : pardon me ;  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :  
She says I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;  
She calls me proud ; and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will !  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :  
Why writes she so to me ? — Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest I know not the contents :  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.*                     Come, come, you're a fool,  
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.  
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think

<sup>1</sup> *Much* is used ironically here ; as we still say, " A good deal you will,"  
meaning " No you won't."

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :  
She has a housewife's hand ; but that's no matter.  
I say, she never did invent this letter ;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes :

[Reads.] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? —*

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* [Reads.]

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ? —*

Did you ever hear such railing ? —

[Reads.] *Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me. —*

Meaning me a beast. —

[Reads.] *If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect !  
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
How, then, might your prayers move !*

*He that brings this love to thee  
 Little knows this love in me :  
 And by him seal up thy mind ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>3</sup>  
 Will the faithful offer take  
 Of me, and all that I can make ;  
 Or else by him my love deny,  
 And then I'll study how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your way to her, — for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, — and say this to her : That, if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,  
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :  
 The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.  
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;  
 There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
 Then should I know you by description ;  
 Such garments and such years : *The boy is fair,*

<sup>2</sup> "Seal up your answer, and send it back by him."

<sup>3</sup> *Kind*, again, in its radical sense of *nature*. See page 36, note 10.

*Of female favour, but bestows himself<sup>4</sup>  
Like a right forester ; the woman low,  
And browner than her brother. Are not you  
The owners of the house I did inquire for?*

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both ;  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin ; <sup>5</sup> — are you he?

*Ros.* I am : what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,<sup>6</sup>  
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself :  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away

<sup>4</sup> "Bestows himself" is *bears himself, behaves, or appears*. See vol. i., page 203, note 7.

<sup>5</sup> *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were often used interchangeably.

<sup>6</sup> To *chew the cud* was a common phrase, meaning to *ruminate*, or *revolve in the mind*. — The epithets *sweet* and *bitter* are in accordance with the old custom of describing love by contraries ; and we have many instances of *fancy* used for *love*.



Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.<sup>7</sup>  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;  
And he did render <sup>8</sup> him the most unnatural  
That lived 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando : Did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so ;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling <sup>9</sup>  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother ?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescued ?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

*Oli.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion

<sup>7</sup> The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the Forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which the critics have not failed to notice. I suspect the Poet knew well enough what he was about. The matter, however, was taken from Lodge's tale.

<sup>8</sup> *Render* here means *report* or *represent*. The Poet has it repeatedly in this sense, or in senses near akin to this. See vol. iv., page 34, note 23.

<sup>9</sup> That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In *Julius Cæsar* we have, "The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin? —

*Oli.*

*By-and-by.*

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,  
As, how I came into that desert place ; —  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself ; and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise ; and to give this napkin,  
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. — Cousin ! — Ganymede !<sup>10</sup>

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.*

We'll lead you thither. —

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth. You a man ! you lack a man's heart.

<sup>10</sup> In her sudden fright, Celia is betrayed out of her assumed character, and calls out "Cousin," then instantaneously corrects herself, lest she should start some suspicion as to what she or Rosalind is.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited !<sup>11</sup> I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh-ho !

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do ; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something : but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. — Will you go ? [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

<sup>11</sup> Rosalind is afraid of being discovered ; that her fainting will betray her ; and in her anxiety to keep up the show of a saucy, mannish youth, perhaps she slightly overacts the part in this instance.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis : he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even,<sup>2</sup> William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.<sup>3</sup> How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five-and-twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* Thank God ; — a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so-so.

*Touch.* So-so is good, very good, very excellent good : — and yet it is not ; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise ; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he ha'd a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

<sup>1</sup> "Cannot *restrain* or *hold* in our wits."

<sup>2</sup> "God *give* you good even ;" the original salutation in the process of abbreviation into "good even," or "good evening."

<sup>3</sup> William is standing with his hat off, in token of respect.

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me : To have, is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he : now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon — which is in the vulgar leave — the society — which in the boorish is company — of this female, — which in the common is woman ; which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ;<sup>4</sup> I will o'er-run thee with policy ;<sup>5</sup> I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry,<sup>6</sup> sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away !

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> " Fight against thee with conspiracies."

<sup>5</sup> " Circumvent thee with cunning ; " the art of politicians.

<sup>6</sup> " God *keep* you merry," or " *let* you *continue* merry."



SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.**Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you perséver to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

<sup>1</sup> Oliver has before this learnt from Celia the whole secret of who Gany-mede and Aliena are. Hence he calls Rosalind "sister" here, well knowing that Orlando will understand him as referring to the character she is sustaining in her masked courtship.

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are : — nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical<sup>2</sup> brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame* : for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd ; no sooner look'd, but they loved ; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd ; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,<sup>3</sup> or else be incontinent before marriage : they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together ; clubs cannot part them.<sup>4</sup>

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, — for now I speak to some purpose, —

<sup>2</sup> *Thrasonical* is from *Thraso*, the name of a bragging, vain-glorious soldier in one of Terence's comedies. — The famous dispatch, *veni, vidi, vici*, which Julius Cæsar was *alleged* to have sent to Rome, announcing his great and swift victory in the battle of Zela in Pontus, is the matter referred to.

<sup>3</sup> *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay.

<sup>4</sup> It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in *The Renegado*, i. 3 : " If he were in London among the *clubs*, up went his heels for striking of a prentice." The matter is well set forth in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit : <sup>5</sup> I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things : I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable.<sup>6</sup> If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is,<sup>7</sup> and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

*Ros.* By my life, I do ; which, I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician.<sup>8</sup> Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

<sup>5</sup> *Conceit* was used of all the forms of mental action, and always in a good sense. Here it means *sense, judgment, or understanding*. *Wit*, also, was used in a similar largeness of meaning.

<sup>6</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the practice of magic was held to be criminal, or *damnable*, and was punishable with death. Rosalind means that her preceptor, though a magician, used magic only for honest and charitable ends ; such a pure and benevolent magician, perhaps, as the Poet shows us in Prospero.

<sup>7</sup> That is, Rosalind her very self, and not a mere *phantom* of her, conjured up by magic rites, such as it was dangerous to practise.

<sup>8</sup> She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been serious, would have involved her.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have ; it is my study  
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd :  
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all endurance ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* [*To Ros.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you?<sup>9</sup>

*Sil.* [*To PHE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of

<sup>9</sup> " *For loving you.*" Still another gerundial infinitive.

Irish wolves against the Moon.<sup>10</sup> — [*To SIL.*] I will help you, if I can : — [*To PHE.*] I would love you, if I could. — To-morrow meet me all together. — [*To PHE.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : — [*To ORL.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow : — [*To SIL.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — [*To ORL.*] As you love Rosalind, meet : — [*To SIL.*] As you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll meet. — So, fare you well : I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.*

Nor I.

*Orl.*

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.<sup>1</sup> Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

<sup>10</sup> This howling was probably rather monotonous and dismal. So in Lodge's tale : " I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moon." Wolves held their ground in Ireland until a recent period. In Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, 1596, we have the following : " Also the Scythians said, that they were once every year turned into wolves, and so is it written of the Irish : though Mr. Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, so named of the wolf."

<sup>1</sup> "To be a woman of the world" was to be a *married* woman, as opposed to being a woman of the *Church*, which implied a vow of perpetual celibacy. So we have the phrase of "going to the world," for getting married, in contradistinction to becoming a monk or a nun. See vol. iv., page 182, note 28.



*Enter two Pages.*

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly,<sup>2</sup> without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are only the prologues to a bad voice ?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,<sup>3</sup>  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,<sup>4</sup>  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :  
Sweet lovers love the Spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lie  
In spring-time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring-time, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> " Shall we *strike* into it *directly* ? " Round, in the sense of *downright* or *straightforward*, occurs very often.

<sup>3</sup> Coverdale, in the Preface to his *Holy Psalms*, speaks of these meaningless burdens of songs : " And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Elkanah's wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony, hey trolly loly*, and such like phantasies."

<sup>4</sup> *Ring-time* is time of marriage, or of making love ; probably so called from the use of rings in the plighting of troth,

*And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In spring-time, &c.*

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter <sup>5</sup> in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

*I Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' <sup>6</sup> you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compàct is urged. — [To the DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

<sup>5</sup> *Matter* here stands, apparently, for *sense* or *meaning*.

<sup>6</sup> *God b' wi' you* is an old contraction of *God be with you*, which was used a good deal in Shakespeare's time, and has occurred twice before in this play; on page 63 and page 83. The phrase has been still further contracted into *good bye*.

<sup>1</sup> The meaning appears to be, "As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better ground of action than their hope." Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I've promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; —

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:<sup>2</sup>

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

<sup>2</sup> This aptly shows the danger Rosalind has been in, of being discovered notwithstanding her disguise. Doubtless, we have all found how one face will sometimes remind us of another by tricks of association too subtle for our tracing; so that we seem at the same time to know and not to know the stranger.

Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all !<sup>3</sup>

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome : this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.<sup>4</sup> I have trod a measure ;<sup>5</sup> I have flatter'd a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ;<sup>6</sup> I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up ?<sup>7</sup>

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the Seventh Cause.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Touchstone is humorously affecting the stately manners and language of the Court.

<sup>4</sup> "Put me under oath, make me swear to the truth of the matter." People were often called upon or permitted to *purge*, that is, *clear* themselves of imputed guilt by thus affirming their innocence under oath. Sometimes a man got others to swear with him, who were called *compurgators*. See page 26, note 4.

<sup>5</sup> The *measure* was a grave, solemn dance, with a slow and measured step, somewhat like a *minuet*, and therefore well comporting with the dignity of the Court. See vol. iv., page 173, note 5.

<sup>6</sup> *Smooth* was often used in the sense of *flattery*. So in *Richard III.*, i. 3: "I cannot flatter, and speak fair, smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog." Touchstone means to imply, that to use sharp practice on one's friend, to cajole and beguile one's enemy, and to bankrupt one's tailors by running up huge accounts and leaving them unpaid, are characteristics of Courts and courtiers.

<sup>7</sup> *Taken up* is *made up* ; that is, *composed, settled*.

<sup>8</sup> This means, apparently, that the quarrel had proceeded *through* six degrees from the original ground or starting-point, and so had come *to* the seventh degree, the "Lie Direct" where nothing but an *if* could save the par-

*Jaq.* How, the Seventh Cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.<sup>9</sup> I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.<sup>10</sup> A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own;<sup>11</sup> a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.<sup>12</sup>

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt,<sup>13</sup> sir, and such dulcet diseases.<sup>14</sup>

*Jaq.* But, for the Seventh Cause; how did you find the quarrel on the Seventh Cause?

ties from the necessity of fighting it out. In *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, Tybalt is described as "a gentleman of the very first house, — of the *first* and *second cause*"; that is, one who will fight on the slightest provocation.

<sup>9</sup> This mode of speech was common. See vol. iii., page 206, note 48. — "God 'ild you" is "God reward you." See page 72, note 11.

<sup>10</sup> *Blood* was much used for *passion* or *impulse*. The meaning seems to be, that his being forsworn will depend on which of the two proves the strongest, his fidelity to his marriage-vows, or the temptations of his blood. Such is Heath's interpretation.

<sup>11</sup> Touchstone here just hits the very pith of the matter. It is by such strokes as this that the Poet keeps the man, Fool though he be, bound up fresh and warm with our human sympathies. Celia gives the key-note of his real inside character, when she says, i. 3, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

<sup>12</sup> The personal pronouns were often used thus in an indefinite sense, for *any* or *a*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 7: "*Your* fat king and *your* lean beggar is but variable service," &c.

<sup>13</sup> The *bolt* was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and requiring little practice or skill. There was an old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." In the line before, *swift* is *quick-witted*, and *sententious* is *full of pithy sayings*.

<sup>14</sup> The sense of this probably lies in the circumstance of its being meant for *nonsense*; perhaps for what Barrow calls "acute nonsense."



*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed ;—bear your body more seeming,<sup>15</sup> Audrey ;—as thus, sir : I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled<sup>16</sup> my judgment : this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied : this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome : and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut ?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners :<sup>17</sup> I will name you the de-

<sup>15</sup> In a more *seemly* or more *becoming* manner.

<sup>16</sup> *Disabled*, again, for *disqualified* or *disparaged*. See page 83, note 4.

<sup>17</sup> The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue ; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration ; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words : '*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest ; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie.'"

grees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in *if*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,<sup>18</sup> and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Still music. Enter HYMEN,<sup>19</sup> leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes ; and CELIA.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in Heaven,  
 When earthly things made even  
     Atone together.<sup>20</sup> —  
 Good Duke, receive thy daughter :  
 Hymen from Heaven brought her,  
     Yea, brought her hither,  
 That thou mightst join her hand with his  
 Whose heart within her bosom is.

*Ros.* [*To the DUKE.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours. —

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

<sup>18</sup> A stalking-horse was a piece of stretched cloth or canvas, with a horse painted on it, which the fowler carried before him to deceive the game. See vol. iv., page 190, note 7.

<sup>19</sup> Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

<sup>20</sup> *Accord*, or *agree* together. This is the old sense of the phrase.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,

Why, then, — my love adieu !

*Ros.* [*To the DUKE.*] I'll have no father, if you be not he : —

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he : —

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.<sup>21</sup> —

[*To ORL. and ROS.*] You and you no cross shall part : —

[*To OLI. and CEL.*] You and you are heart in heart : —

[*To PHEBE.*] You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord : —

[*To TOUCH. and AUD.*] You and you are sure together,

As the Winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;<sup>22</sup>

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

#### SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown :*

*O blessèd bond of board and bed !*

*'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;*

*High wedlock, then, be honourèd :*

*Honour, high honour, and renown,*

*To Hymen, god of every town !*

<sup>21</sup> Meaning, apparently, if there be truth in truth itself.

<sup>22</sup> *Questioning* for *conversing* or *conversation*. So *question* has occurred before. See page 75, note 3.

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,  
Even daughter-welcome,<sup>23</sup> in no less degree !

*Phe.* [*To SIL.*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two :  
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd<sup>24</sup> a mighty power ; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct,<sup>25</sup> purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question<sup>26</sup> with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,<sup>27</sup>  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends

<sup>23</sup> That is, as welcome as a daughter.

<sup>24</sup> Here, as usual, *address'd* is *prepared* or *made ready*.

<sup>25</sup> " In his own *conduct* " is under his own leading or command.

<sup>26</sup> *Question*, again, for *conversation* or *talk*. See note 22.

<sup>27</sup> The *one* is Oliver, whose lands had been seized by Frederick ; the *other* is Orlando, who with Rosalind is to inherit the dukedom, she being the old Duke's only child. The sense of *offer'st* is continued through these two lines.

That here were well begun and well begot ;  
 And, after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endured shrewd<sup>28</sup> days and nights with us,  
 Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.<sup>29</sup>  
 Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustic revelry. —

Play, music ! — and you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. — If I heard you rightly,  
 The Duke hath put on a religious life,<sup>30</sup>  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court ?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I : out of these convertites<sup>31</sup>  
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —

[*To the DUKE.*] You to your former honour I bequeath ;  
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it : —

[*To ORL.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit : —

[*To OLI.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies : —

[*To SIL.*] You to a long and well-deservèd bed : —

[*To TOUCH.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage  
 Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures :  
 I am for other than for dancing-measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I : what you would have  
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>28</sup> *Shrewd* is *sharp, piercing*, and was formerly applied as variously as *keen* is now. So in *Hamlet* : "The air bites *shrewdly*."

<sup>29</sup> *States* for *estates*. The two words were used interchangeably.

<sup>30</sup> That is, put on a monk's or hermit's dress, the badge of a religious life. So, before, "an old *religious* man," meaning a member of a religious order. — *Pompous*, next line, is *ceremonious*, full of pomp.

<sup>31</sup> *Convertites* for *converts*. So in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* : "Converts : A convertite ; one that hath turned to the Faith ; or is won unto religious profession ; or hath abandoned a loose to follow a godly, a vicious to lead a virtuous life."



*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

### EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,<sup>32</sup> 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue : yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,<sup>33</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,<sup>34</sup> and breaths that I defied not :<sup>35</sup> and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>32</sup> It was formerly the general custom in England to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner : there was a classical propriety in this ; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus.

<sup>33</sup> The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time. The English stage had no *actresses* till after 1660.

<sup>34</sup> The Poet often uses *like* in the sense of *please* ; a common usage.

<sup>35</sup> To *defy*, in old English, is to *renounce*, to *repudiate*, or *abjure*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. See vol. iii., page 189, note 7.

## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 7. *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, &c.* — The original prints “it was upon this fashion bequeathed me,” &c.; thus leaving *charged* without any subject, and *his* without any antecedent. Doubtless the pronoun *he* dropped out in the printing or the transcribing. A little further on, Orlando says to Oliver, “*My father charged you in his will to give me good education.*” Ritson's correction.

P. 9. *What prodigal's portion have I spent?* — The original has “What *prodigall* portion.” Seymour's correction.

P. 11. Cha. *Good morrow to your Worship.*

Oli. *Good morrow, Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court?* — So Walker. The original has “Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes,” &c. The salutation of Charles, “*Good morrow,*” renders it all but certain that *morrow* was left out of Oliver's reply by mistake.

P. 11. *There's no news at the new Court, sir, but the old news.* — So Lettsom, and with evident propriety. The old text omits *new* before *Court*.

P. 11. Oli. *Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?*

Cha. *O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,* &c. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original lacks the words *old* and *new* before *Duke's*.

P. 13. *I tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France;* &c. — The folio reads “*Ile tell thee,*” &c.

## ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 14. *I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?* — The third *I* is wanting in the original. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 15. *Those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.* — The original has “very *illfavouredly*.”

P. 15. *Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when she makes,* &c. — So Dyce. The old text reads “Indeed, *there is Fortune,*” &c.

P. 18. Le Beau. — *three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,* —

Ros. Be it known unto all men by these presents. — In the original the words, “with bills on their necks,” begin Rosalind’s speech. Farmer assigned them to Le Beau; and it is plain enough that giving them to Rosalind quite defeats the humour of the passage. See foot-note 10.

P. 18. *But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides?* — Instead of *feel*, the original has *see*, which some would change to *set*. Walker notes upon the passage, — “*Feel*, surely; and so Johnson conjectures.”

P. 19. *There is such odds in the men.* — So Hanmer. The original has “such odds in the *man*”; which is not English, and never was, though some recent editors have tried hard to defend it.

P. 19. Le Beau. *Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.*

Orl. *I attend them with all respect and duty.* — So Theobald. The original has *Princess calls*. The plural *them* in Orlando’s reply shows Theobald’s reading to be probably right. It is true, only one of the ladies, Celia, has expressly called for him; but she is understood to speak for them both; and the Duke has just said, “Speak to him, ladies.” The objections that have been urged against the change seem to me decidedly *martinetish*.

P. 20. *If you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would, &c.*—So Hanmer, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original reads "with *your* eyes," and "with *your* judgment." Perhaps this is one of the many instances of words repeated by mistake from contextual nearness, as "*your* adventure." Still I am not sure but the old text may be right. Heath explains it thus : "If you would give credit to the faithful report of your own eyes, and to the cool dictates of your judgment, rather than suffer yourself to be seduced by the bold spirits of your youth." But this may be drawing the matter something too fine.

P. 20. *I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing : but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd, &c.*—The original reads "with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me," &c. This *wherein* evidently has no coherence with the context. Johnson thought it should be *therein* ; and Dyce, following Mason, prints *herein* ; but I cannot see that either of these changes helps the matter at all. The word is simply in the way ; and I have hardly any doubt that this is an instance of a mistake and the correction printed together.—Since the above was written, I find that Mr. Spedding proposes the same reading.

P. 21. *An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before.*—The original omits *An*. Mason proposed "*If* you mean," &c.; which gives the same sense. Theobald thought we ought to read "*An* you mean"; and the Cambridge Editors say the same reading occurred to them before they knew of either conjecture.

P. 22. *If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, &c.*—The old text reads "have exceeded *all* promise," which upsets the metre to no purpose. Hanmer printed "as *you've here* exceeded promise," and Walker proposed "*excell'd all* promise." The reading in the text is Capell's.

P. 24. *But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.*—Instead of *shorter*, the original has *taller*, which cannot be right ; as Rosalind says, in the next scene, "Because that I am something *more than com-*

*mon tall.*" Malone substituted *smaller*, which has commonly been received in preference to Rowe's *shorter*, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Walker suspects *taller* to be "a slip of Shakespeare's pen"; and adds, "The word he had in his thoughts was probably *shorter*, not *smaller*, which in this sense belongs to later English."

## ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 25. Cel. *But is all this for your father?*

Ros. *No, some of it is for my father's child.*—So Rowe, Coleridge, and Collier's second folio. The original has "*my child's father*," which Singer retains, noting that "Rosalind playfully means no more than my future husband." Still I think Coleridge's objection is good, that by the old reading "a most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason."

P. 28. *No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love*

*Which teacheth me that thou and I are one.*—So Theobald. The original reads "Which teacheth *thee* that thou and I *am* one."

P. 28. *And do not seek to take the charge upon you*

*To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.*—So Singer, followed by White and Dyce. The first folio has "take *your change*," the second, "take *your charge*." The old contractions of *the* and *your* were often confounded.

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 30. *Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.*

*The seasons' difference, and the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind,—  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,*

*This is no flattery, — these are counsellors, &c.*—In the first of these lines, Theobald changed *not* into *but*, and has been followed by a number of editors. This puts "seasons' difference" in apposition with "penalty of Adam." To be sure, the change of seasons was of old thought to be a consequence of the Fall; but I believe it was never thought to be the special penalty denounced upon Adam: this penalty was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It is



also true that this curse was held to be laid upon Adam as head and representative of the race, and that the great bulk of mankind have ever been subject to it; yet, in matter of fact, there have always been some individual exceptions, as the Duke and his co-mates are in their exile. This, I think, is enough to render the propriety of Theobald's change highly questionable, to say the least. See foot-note 1. It is but fair to add that the original has a (,) after *Adam*; but, in correcting many thousand pages of proof, I have found hardly any error oftener than that of a (,) for a (.)—In the second line, on the other hand, the original reads "The seasons difference, *as* the Icie phange." Here *as* can only be taken as equivalent to *as, for instance*; and so it is indeed often used. But I think the logic of the passage fairly requires the sense of "seasons' difference" and of "icy fang" to be cumulative. Collier's second folio changes *as* to *or*; and Staunton proposes, very plausibly, to substitute *at*, as also *yet* for *not*, thus:

Here feel we *yet* the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference: *At* the icy fang, &c.

P. 30. *Sermons in stones, and good in every thing*:

*I would not change it.*—In the old text, the words, "I would not change it" stand as a part of the next speech. Upton proposed the change; and Dyce notes upon it thus: "It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that they *must* belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it." Pretty strong, but, I suspect, about right.

P. 32. Poor deer, *quothe he*, thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which *hath* too *much*: *then, being alone,*

*Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends*; &c.—In the third of these lines, the original reads "that which *had* too *must*," and "then being *there* alone." Also in the last line, the original has "his velvet *friend*." The several corrections have been made by different hands.

#### ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 33. *Send to his brother's*; *fetch that gallant hither*.—The original has *brother* instead of *brother's*. As *gallant* clearly refers to Orlando, and as the order is to send to Oliver's house, *brother's* is unquestionably right. Mason's correction.

P. 33. *And let not search and inquisition quail*

*To bring again these foolish runaways.* — It is straining rather hard on the old sense of *quail*, to make it fit the context here. Lett-som thinks it ought to be *fail*.

#### ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 34. *Why would you be so fond to overcome*

*The bony priser of the humorous Duke?* — The original reads "The *bonnie* priser." White retains *bonnie*, taking it "in the sense in which the Scotch use *braw*." I can see no likelihood that Shakespeare would have used the word in that sense; while *bony* gives the sense of *strength*, and accords well with the epithet *sinevy* which is applied to Charles in the preceding scene. Warburton's correction.

P. 36. *From seventeen years till now almost fourscore*

*Here livèd I.* — "From *seventie* years" in the original. A very palpable misprint. Corrected by Rowe.

#### ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 37. Ros. *O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!*

Touch. *I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.* — The original has "how *merry* are my spirits!" which some editors retain, as if the occurrence of *weary* in Touchstone's reply were not enough to correct it.

P. 37. *I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.* — So the second folio; the first, "I cannot go no further." In scene 6 Adam says, "Dear master, I can go no further."

P. 38. *Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,*

*Wearying thy bearer in thy mistress' praise.* — Instead of *Wearying*, the original has *Wearing*. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 38. *Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound.* — The first folio has "searching of *they* would"; the second, "searching of *their* wound." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 40. *I will your very faithful factor be,*

*And buy it with your gold right suddenly.* — The original has “faithful feeder be.” But, surely, *feeder* has no fitness to signify any part of the process of buying the farm, while *factor* fits the place exactly, meaning *agent*, of course. The correction is Walker’s.

#### ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 40. *And tune his merry note.* — The original has *turne* instead of *tune*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 42. *Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme.* — The original has “*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*”; but, as the sense of *duc ad me* was evidently intended, and as there was no conceivable reason for transposing the letters *ad* into *da*, I concur with White in thinking the transposition to have been accidental. Hanmer prints “*duc ad me.*”

#### ACT II., SCENE 7.

P. 46. *He that a Fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,*

*The wise man’s folly is anatomized, &c.* — So Theobald, and most of the editors since his time; the words *Not to*, in the third line, being omitted in the original. Collier’s second folio reads “*But to seem senseless*”; which reading, to my surprise, is preferred to Theobald’s by White and Dyce. I cannot imagine what meaning they attach to *senseless*, that they should stick in such preference. Perhaps they would avoid the repetition of *not* in the same line; but, in doing so, they quite overthrow, as it seems to me, the sense of the passage. For *senseless of* means the same, I take it, as *insensible to*. And the meaning clearly is, that he who feels himself hit must seem not to feel it; and if he does not so seem, he simply exposes himself. — Perhaps I ought to add, that Dr. Ingleby sustains the old text; but his argument seems to me the *ne plus ultra* of overstrained refinement; running clean away from common sense in quest of a meaning that no theatrical audience would ever begin to apprehend.

P. 47. *Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the wearer’s very means do ebb?* — Instead of *wearer’s*,

the original has *wearie*, which was a standing puzzle to the editors, till Singer hit upon the very happy correction.

P. 47. *Where then ? how then ? what then ? let's see wherein*

*My tongue hath wrong'd him.* — So Lettsom. The original reads “*There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein,*” &c. Malone, also, proposed to substitute *Where* for *There*; and the contraction of *let me* into *let's* is of course made for metre's sake.

P. 48. *I almost die for food ; so let me have it.* — Instead of *so*, the old text has *and*; which, as Lettsom judged, was probably “an error caused by *and* occurring twice in the next line.” Dyce proposed *so*.

P. 50. *And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :*

*And then the whining schoolboy,* &c. — Instead of “*As, first,*” the old text has “*At first.*” Corrected by Walker. *As*, here, has the force of *to wit* or *namely*; a frequent usage. — In the fourth line, the original is without *And*, which was supplied by Rowe for obvious reasons. — Further on in the same speech the old text has “*Then a soldier*” instead of “*Then the soldier*”; a change made by Dyce at the suggestion of Mr. Robson. The expressions “*the infant,*” “*the schoolboy,*” “*the lover,*” “*the justice,*” &c., clearly approve it.

P. 51. *Thy tooth is not so keen*

*Because thou art foreseen.* — The original reads “*Because thou art not seen*”; which is to me utterly unintelligible, or rather meaningless, and which is proved to be wrong by the many strained attempts at explanation. Various changes have been proposed; that in the text is Staunton's, and is far the best.

P. 52. *If that you are the good Sir Roland's son, —*

*As you have whisper'd faithfully you are.* — The original has *were* — *were*, instead of *are* — *are*. The change was suggested by Dyce, and is also proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel. It occurred to me also before I knew of its having been proposed.

#### ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 52. *Not seen him since ?* — So Collier's second folio and Singer. The old copies, “*Not see him since ?*”

## ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 55. *Not a whit*, Master Touchstone. — So Capell; in accordance with Corin's first speech in this scene: "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" The old text omits *Master*. As Dyce remarks, the letter *M.*, which often stood for *Master*, "might easily be omitted."

P. 57. *Let no face be kept in mind*

*But the face of Rosalind.* — So Rowe, followed by Dyce. The original reads "But the *faire* of Rosalind."

P. 57. *It is the right butter-women's rack to market.* — Instead of *rack*, the original has *rank*, which is certainly wrong. Hanmer substituted *rate*, but Crosby's *rack* is much better. See foot-note 17.

P. 57. *Then will it bear the earliest fruit i' the country.* — The original reads "Then will it *be* the earliest fruit." Lettsom says, "Read *bear*; for *it* refers to the tree that is to be grafted." Right, clearly.

P. 58. *Why should this a desert be.* — Here *a* is wanting in the old text, and was supplied by Rowe.

P. 59. *O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you, &c.* — The original has *Jupiter* instead of *pulpiter*. Corrected by Mr. Spedding, and in the Cambridge Shakespeare. The word *homily* abundantly approves the correction.

P. 61. *Good my complection, dost thou think, &c.* — So the word is spelt in the original, but is generally changed in modern editions to *complexion*, which gives a very different sense, if indeed it can be fairly explained to any sense at all. The meaning is, "My good *complicator*." Heath notes upon the passage thus: "I am inclinable to imagine that the Poet may possibly have written 'Good my *coz perplexer*,' that is, I pr'ythee, my perplexing *coz*." See foot-note 28.

P. 62. *It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.* — The first folio reads "drops *forth* fruit"; the second, "drops *forth such* fruit." I agree with Singer that *forth* was most probably a misprint for *such*. Corrected by Capell.



P. 63. *Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee.* — The old text has “to the tongue.” An erratum hardly worth noting.

P. 63. *God b' wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.* — Here and in many other places the old text prints “God *buy* you.” Also in iv. 1, of this play: “Nay, then, God *buy* you, an you talk in blank-verse.” And in v. 3: “God *buy* you; and God mend your voices.” Of course it is the old contraction of “God *be with* you,” which has been still further shortened into *good bye*. I marvel that our modern sticklers for archaic forms and archaic spelling, who make so much of retaining the old possessive *it*, and of printing *it's*, wherever it occurs, for *its*, — I marvel that they so generally ignore this archaism. Standing on such points, where nothing either of sense or of metre or of rhyme is involved, seems to me indeed sheer pedantry, or affectation, or something worse; still I think consistency may be worth something.

P. 66. *Every one fault seeming most monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.* — So Walker. The original is without *most*, which seems fairly needful to the sense; and Walker points out a large number of like omissions under the heading “Omissions in consequence of Absorption.”

P. 68. *I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness.* — The original reads “to a *living* humour of madness.” Johnson proposed *loving* as required for the antithesis clearly intended. Walker says, “Of course, *loving*.”

### ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 71. *And what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.* — So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original omits *it*.

P. 72. *No assembly but horn'd beasts.* — The old text has *horne-beasts*. The correction is Walker's, who cites a multitude of cases in which “final *d* and final *e*” have evidently been confounded.

P. 72. *Horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.* — The original reads “hornes, even so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere,” &c.; which yields no sense at all, and is accepted by none of the editors. The more com-

mon reading is Theobald's, thus: "Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone? No, no," &c. Singer prints "Horns! *never* for poor men alone? No, no," &c.; "which I hardly understand," says Dyce. And Dyce prints "Horns? *ever* to poor men alone?" which to me is not very intelligible.

## ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 74. *He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.*—So the second folio. The first has "a paire of *cast* lips." I marvel that the editors should so generally have retained *cast*, with the word *chastity* before them in the same sentence.

P. 75. *They are both the confirmers of false reckonings.*—The original has *confirmer* instead of *confirmers*. Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 75. *As a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.*—I do not well understand this *noble goose*. Hanmer printed "a *nose-quill'd* goose," which I understand still less. Singer prints "like a *notable* goose," which I more than suspect to be right.

P. 76. *Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say*

*I prove a busy actor in their play.*—The original wants *see*, which was proposed by Jervis. And rightly, no doubt; for it is incredible that the Poet would have left such a gap in one line of a rhyming couplet.—The old text also begins the second line with "*He prove.*"

## ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 77. *The cicatrice and capable impessure*

*Thy palm some moment keeps.*—Singer and Collier's second folio change *capable* to *palpable*; perhaps rightly. See foot-note 3.—In the preceding line, the old text omits *but*; an error which the metre naturally corrects.

P. 77. *That you insult, exult, and all at once.*—It has been asked what "*all at once*" can possibly mean here; and Singer follows Warburton in substituting *rail* for *all*. But Staunton shows that *all at once*

was in common use as a sort of expletive phrase. So in *The Fisherman's Tale*, 1594: "She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and *all at once*." Also in Middleton's *Changeling*, iv. 3: "Does love turn fool, run mad, and *all at once*?" And in *King Henry V.*, i. 1: "Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness so soon did lose his seat, and *all at once*, as in this King."

P. 77. *What though you have no beauty, &c.* — There has been a deal of stumbling at this passage. Instead of *no*, Hanmer printed *some*, and is followed by Dyce; while Malone proposed and Steevens adopted *more*. For my part, I am quite unable to see the force of the objections to the original reading, "*no beauty*." See foot-note 5.

P. 79. *He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.* — So Hanmer. The original reads "with *your* foulness." The next clause points out the correction.

P. 80. *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall.* — So Capell. The old text has "He is not *very* tall," thus overfilling the verse. Walker justly includes this among the various instances, which he quotes, of *very* interpolated.

#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 82. *The sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.* — Here the first folio has "*in* which *by* often rumination"; the second, "*in* which *my* often." Singer and Dyce throw out the *in* altogether, and, retaining *by*, make *which* the subject of *wraps*; thus, — "which, by often rumination, wraps me," &c. The reading in the text was proposed by Jervis.

P. 83. *A better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman.* — So Hanmer; the original, "than you make."

P. 84. *Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.* — If I understand this speech, I would rather it were not in the play. Collier's second folio reads "I should *thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit"; which I certainly do not understand at all, and therefore see nothing objectionable in it *except darkness*.

P. 85. *And the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was— Hero of Sestos.* — For *chroniclers* Hanmer and Collier's second folio substitute *coroners*. Rightly, I suspect; notwithstanding Lettsom's opinion that "the plural number, and the phrase of *that age*, tell the other way."

P. 86. *Men are April when they woo, December when they're wed.* — The original reads "December when *they* wed." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 87. *O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, &c.* — Hanmer changed *occasion* to *accusation*, which Singer adopts. The change seems so apt and just, that I have had much ado to resist it; for the interpretation commonly given to the passage comes, I think, rather too hard out of the words to be fairly admissible. See foot-note 19.

P. 88. *I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando.* — Here, again, the original has "*Ile* tell."

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 89. [*They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden.*] — Here the original has "*Then* sing him home, the rest *shall beare* this burthen," all as the third line of the song, and printed in the same type as the rest. Of modern editors, some print the whole line as a stage-direction; others print the first four words, "*Then* sing him home," as the third line of the song, and the rest as a stage-direction. White and Dyce are among the former; Singer and Staunton among the latter. I cannot but think it rather unlike Shakespeare to break up the proper symmetry of a lyrical strain, by thrusting in such an exceptional line as the four words make in this case.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 90. *My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.* — So the second folio; the first, "*Phebe did* bid me."

P. 93. *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, but bestows himself  
Like a right forester; the woman low,*

*And browner than her brother. Are not you*

*The owners of the house I did inquire for?* — I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom, with great ingenuity certainly, and, I think, with excellent judgment also. In the second line the original has *and* instead of *but*, and in the third *ripe sister* instead of *right forester*. The hole left in the verse by *sister* was stopped with *but* by the editor of the second folio, probably with no other thought than to rectify the metre. Walker remarks upon the passage that "*A ripe sister* seems an odd expression." Odd it certainly is, and, I think, out of keeping with the character and situation; while it were an easy gloss or corruption of *right forester*, when *s* was written long, so as to be hardly distinguishable from *f*. The substitution of *but* for *and* is not so clear; but the play has fifty undoubted misprints that are hardly more easy to account for. — In the last line also, the original has *owner* instead of *owners*. The context readily suggests the correction.

P. 93. *Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy*. — The old text has *food* instead of *cud*. The correction was made by Sir Walter Scott in the Preface to *Quentin Durward*, and is adopted by Staunton and Dyce; the former remarking that "*to chew the cud*, metaphorically, *to ruminate*, *to revolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors."

P. 93. *Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age*. — The original reads "*Under an old oak*"; where *old* is palpably redundant both in sense and in metre. Even White, stickler as he is for the text of the first folio, gives up *old* here.

P. 95. *And to give this napkin,*

*Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth, &c.* — The original has "*Died in this blood*"; *this* being evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line. Corrected in the second folio.

#### ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 98. *Or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, &c.* — The original prints "*dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee*"; the *or* being probably repeated once too much by mis-



take. Modern editions generally strike out the marks of parenthesis: Farmer proposed, and Steevens adopted, the erasure of *or*, as Dyce also does.

## ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 101. *Speak'st thou in sober meaning?* — The old text has *meanings*. Corrected by Walker.

P. 102. *All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all endurance.* — In the last of these lines, the original repeats *observance*. Collier's second folio changes the first *observance* to *obedience*, and is followed by White and Dyce. I think Singer's change of the second *observance* to *endurance* is, on the whole, preferable.

P. 102. Who *do you speak* to, Why blame you me to love you? — The original reads "*Why do you speak too*"; which the next speech proves to be wrong. Corrected by Rowe.

## ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 104. *Which are only the prologues to a bad voice.* — The original reads *the only*. The correction is Capell's.

P. 104. *In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time.* — The original has *rang* instead of *ring*, and also transposes the last stanza into the place of the second. Both corrections are found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the song is printed from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Steevens, however, had conjectured *ring* before, and Thirlby the transposition of the stanzas.

P. 105. *Yet the note was very untuneable.* — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old text has *untunable*, which the Page's reply, "we lost not our *time*," shows to be wrong.

## ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 105. *As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "that fear *they* hope." Many changes in the text have been made or proposed; but this, I think, removes the most difficulty with the least change.

P. 106. *Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me.* — The original has “Keep *you* your word”; another instance of mistaken repetition from the context. Corrected by Pope.

P. 108. Jaq. *How, the Seventh Cause?* — The old text omits *the* here; but the next speech of Jaques shows that it ought not to be omitted: “But, for *the* Seventh Cause,” &c.

P. 108. *According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.* — So the original. Various changes have been proposed, in order to make sense of the passage; and several modes of punctuation have been tried, to the same end; but nothing satisfactory has been reached. It is not unlikely that the text may be corrupt; but I suspect it to be merely an instance of elaborate nonsense, purposely framed to the style of those who “for a tricky word defy the matter.” See vol. iii., page 189, note 7.

P. 109. *And so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.* — The original omits *the* before *Lie Circumstantial*. Supplied in the second folio.

P. 110. *That thou mightst join her hand with his*

*Whose heart within her bosom is.* — In both of these lines the original misprints *his* for *her*; which makes stark nonsense of the passage. Corrected by Malone.

P. 111. Duke S. *If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.*

Orl. *If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.*

Phe. *If sight and shape be true,*

*Why, then, — my love adieu.* — In the second of these lines, the original has *sight* instead of *shape*; doubtless repeated by mistake from the line before: at all events, Phebe's speech shows *sight* to be an error. The correction was proposed by Johnson, but Walker seems to have hit upon it independently.

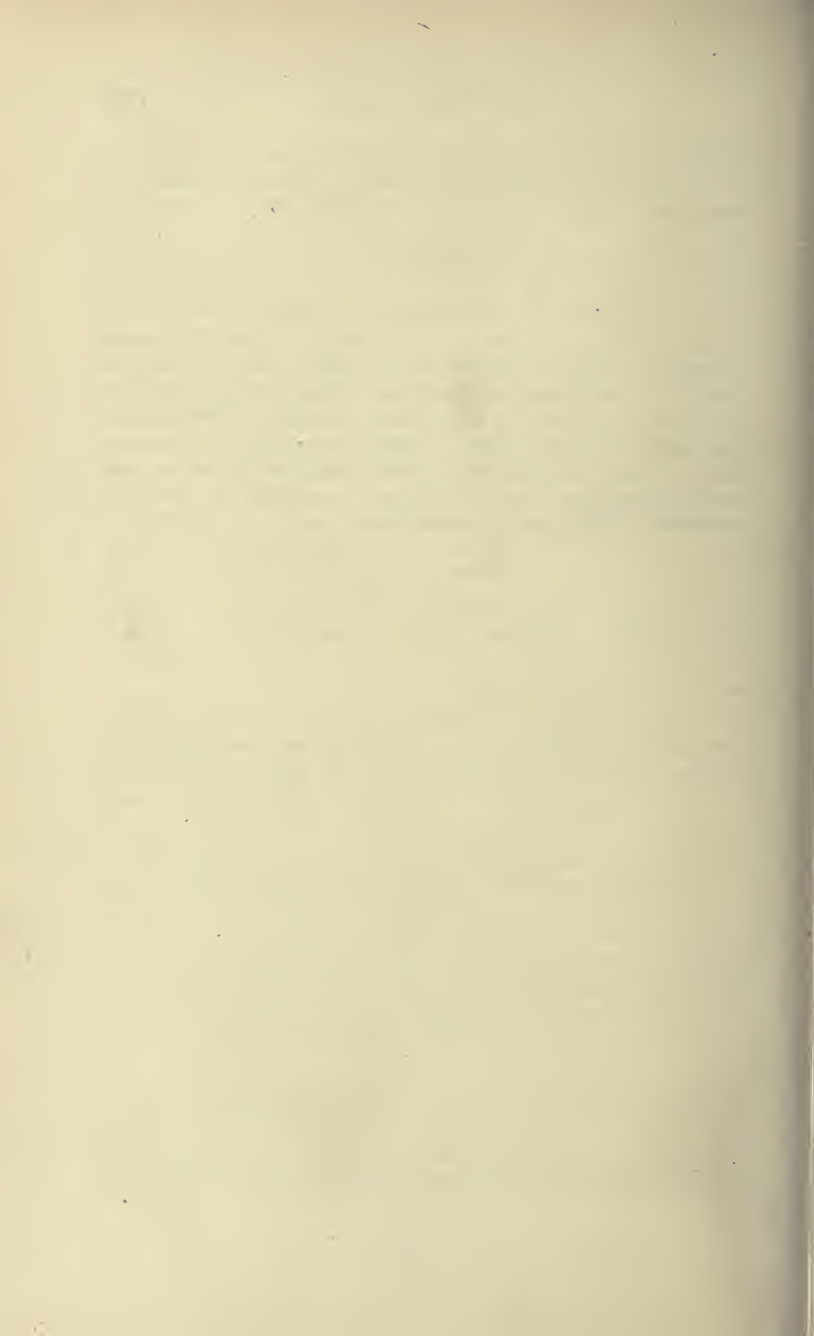
P. 112. *Even daughter-welcome, — in no less degree.* — So Theobald, and Walker without knowing how Theobald had printed the line. Commonly printed “Even daughter, welcome in no less degree”; which plainly inverts, or at least upsets, the meaning intended.

P. 112. *And all their lands restored to them again*

*That were with him exiled.* — The original has “restor’d to him again.” The *were* in the next clause corrects the error.

#### EPILOGUE.

P. 114. *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you.* — I more than suspect that, instead of “as *please you*,” we ought to read “as *pleases them*.” Warburton thought the error proceeded further, and reformed the latter member of the sentence, thus: “And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) *to like as much as pleases them*; that between you and the women the play may please.” Perhaps this may look too much like making the Epilogue “speak by the card.”



## TWELFTH NIGHT.

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NEVER printed, so far as is known, till in the folio of 1623. No contemporary notice of the play was discovered till the year 1828, when Collier, delving among the old papers in the Museum, lighted upon a manuscript *Diary*, written by one John Manningham, a barrister-at-law, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. It seems that the benchers and members of the several law-schools in London, which were then called "Inns-of-Court," were wont to have annual feasts, and to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. So, under date of February 2d, 1602, Manningham notes: "At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, much like *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Meneckmi* in Plautus, but most like and near to that in the Italian called *Inganni*." The writer then goes on to state such particulars of the action as fully identify the play he saw with the one now in hand. Which ascertains that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was performed\* before the members of the Middle Temple on the old Church festival of the Purification, formerly called Candlemas; an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. The play was most likely fresh from the Poet's hand when the lawyers thus had the pleasure of it; at least, the internal marks of allusion and style accord well with that supposal. In iii. 2, it is said of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." This is justly explained as referring to a famous multilineal map of the world, which appeared in 1598; the first map of the world in which the *Eastern Islands* were included. Again, in iii. 1, we have, "But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them"; alluding, apparently, to an order issued by the Privy



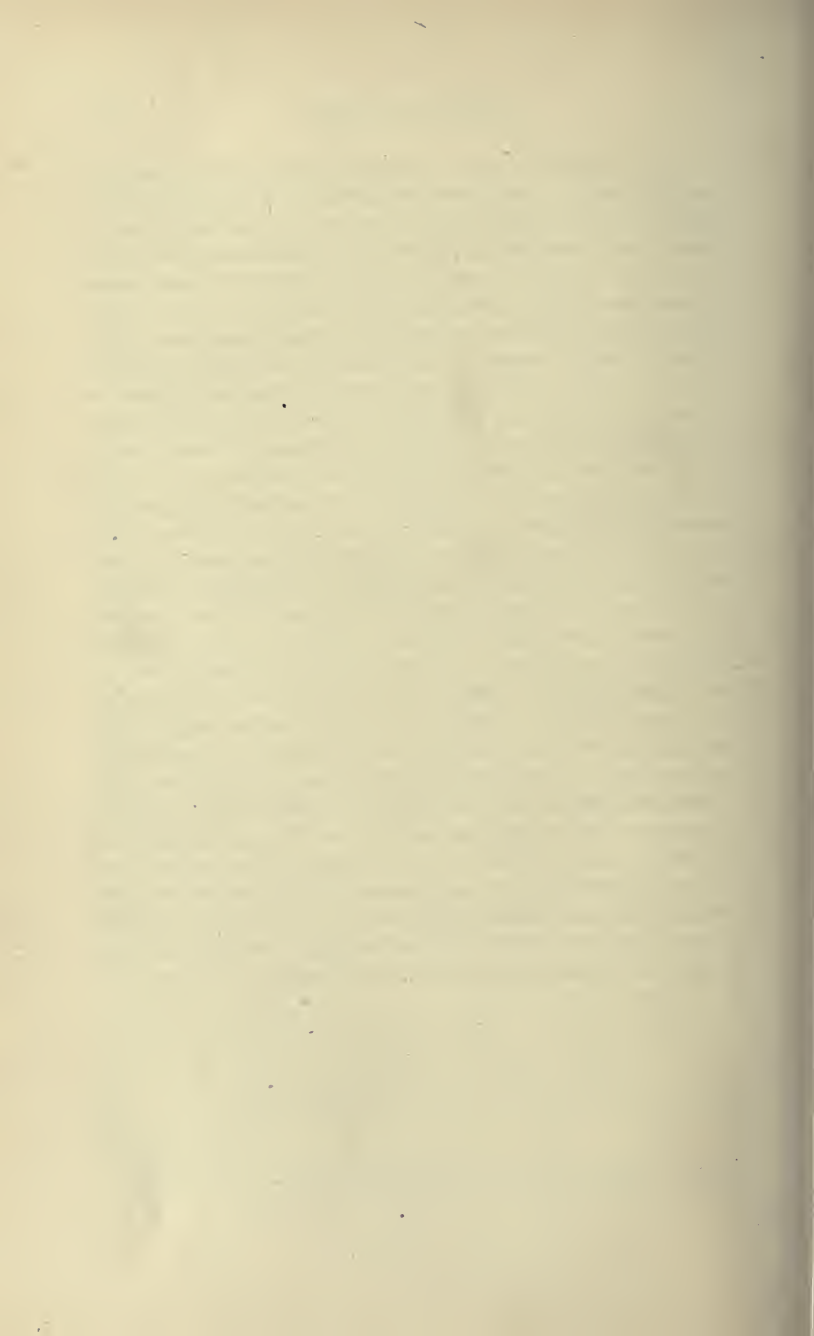
Council in June, 1600, laying very tight restrictions upon the stage, and providing very severe penalties for any breach thereof.

The story upon which the more serious parts of *Twelfth Night* were founded appears to have been a general favourite before and during Shakespeare's time. It is met with in various forms and under various names in the Italian, French, and English literature of that period. The earliest form of it known to us is in Bandello's collection of novels. From the Italian of Bandello it was transferred, with certain changes and abridgments, into the French of Belleforest, and makes one in his collection of *Tragical Histories*. From one or the other of these sources the tale was borrowed again by Barnabe Rich, and set forth as *The History of Apoloniuss and Silla*; making the second in his collection of tales entitled *Farewell to the Military Profession*, which was first printed in 1581.

Until the discovery of Manningham's *Diary*, Shakespeare was not supposed to have gone beyond these sources, and it was thought something uncertain to which of these he was most indebted for the raw material of his play. It is now held doubtful whether he drew from either of them. The passage I have quoted from that *Diary* notes a close resemblance of *Twelfth Night* to an Italian play "called *Inganni*." This has had the effect of directing attention to the Italian theatre in quest of his originals. Two comedies bearing the title of *Gl' Inganni* have been found, both of them framed upon the novel of Bandello, and both in print before the date of *Twelfth Night*. These, as also the three forms of the tale mentioned above, all agree in having a brother and sister, the latter in male attire, and the two bearing so close a resemblance in person and dress as to be indistinguishable; upon which circumstance some of the leading incidents are made to turn. In one of the Italian plays, the sister is represented as assuming the name of *Cesare*; which is so like *Cesario*, the name adopted by Viola in her disguise, that the one may well be thought to have suggested the other. Beyond this point, *Twelfth Night* shows no clear connection with either of those plays.

But there is a third Italian comedy, also lately brought to light, entitled *Gl' Ingannati*, which is said to have been first printed

in 1537. Here the traces of indebtedness are much clearer and more numerous. I must content myself with abridging the Rev. Joseph Hunter's statement of the matter. In the Italian play, a brother and sister, named Fabritio and Lelia, are separated at the sacking of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where a gentleman resides, named Flamineo, to whom she was formerly attached. She disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo, having forgotten his Lelia, is making suit to Isabella, a lady of Modena. The disguised Lelia is employed by him in his love-suit to Isabella, who remains utterly deaf to his passion, but falls desperately in love with the messenger. After a while, the brother Fabritio arrives at Modena, and his close resemblance to Lelia in her male attire gives rise to some ludicrous mistakes. At one time a servant of Isabella meets him in the street, and takes him to her house, supposing him to be the messenger; just as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. In due time the needful recognitions take place, whereupon Isabella easily transfers her affection to Fabritio, and Flamineo's heart no less easily ties up with the loving and faithful Lelia. In her disguise Lelia takes the name of Fabio; hence, most likely, the name of Fabian, who figures as one of Olivia's servants. The Italian play has also a character called Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and another named *Malevolti*, of which *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation. All which fully establishes the connection between the Italian play and the English. As no translation of the former has been heard of, here again we have some reason for believing that the Poet could read Italian. As for the more comic portions of *Twelfth Night*, — those in which Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown figure so delectably, — we have no reason to suppose that any part of them was borrowed.







Sir To. "Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you."

Twelfth Night. Act 3, Scene 5



# TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.	SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman.	MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.	FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.	A Clown, }
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending	OLIVIA, a Countess.
CURIO, } on the Duke.	VIOLA, Sister to Sebastian.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.	MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants.

SCENE, *a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, Lords, and CURIO; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:<sup>1</sup>  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,

<sup>1</sup> The sense of *dying*, as here used, is technically expressed by *diminuendo*.

Stealing and giving odour ! — Enough ; no more :

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. —

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !

That, notwithstanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

Of what validity<sup>2</sup> and pitch soe'er,

But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,<sup>3</sup>

That it alone is high-fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord ?

*Duke.*

What, Curio ?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence !

That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me.<sup>4</sup> —

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now ! what news from her ?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;

But from her handmaid do return this answer :

The element<sup>5</sup> itself, till seven years hence,

<sup>2</sup> *Validity* is *worth, value*. So in *All's Well*, v. 3: "Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich *validity* did lack a parallel."

<sup>3</sup> *Fancy* is continually used by old writers for *love*. There is a play on the word here.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds ; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing.

<sup>5</sup> *Element* here means the *sky*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3: "And I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the *element*, which show like pins' heads to her"; *cinders* meaning, of course, the *stars*.

Shall not behold her face at ample view ;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine : all this to season<sup>6</sup>  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,  
 Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king !<sup>7</sup> —  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this ?

*Cap.* Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd : what think you, sailors ?

*Cap.* It is perchance<sup>1</sup> that you yourself were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother ! and so perchance may he be.

<sup>6</sup> *To season* is to *preserve*. In *All's Well*, i. 1, tears are said to be "the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

<sup>7</sup> The liver, brain, and heart were regarded as the special seats of passion, judgment, and affection, and so were put respectively for their supposed occupants. — *One self king* is equivalent to *one and the same king*. The Poet often uses *self* with the force of *self-same*.

<sup>1</sup> *Viola* first uses *perchance* in the sense of *perhaps* ; the Captain in that of *by chance, accident, or good luck*.

*Cap.* True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and this poor number saved with you,  
Hung on our driving boat,<sup>2</sup> I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself—  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice  
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,<sup>3</sup>  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold :  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here ?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.<sup>4</sup>

*Vio.* What is his name ?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :

<sup>2</sup> " *Driving boat* " means, I suppose, boat *driven before the storm*.

<sup>3</sup> Arion's feat is worthily described in Wordsworth's poem *On the Power of sound* :

Thy skill, Arion,  
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
Leave for one chant ; — the dulcet sound  
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
And listening dolphins gather round.  
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
A proud one docile as a managed horse ;  
And singing, while the accordant hand  
Sweeps his harp, the master rides.

<sup>4</sup> An allusion, no doubt, to the great and well-known Italian family of *Orsini*, from whom the name *Orsino* is borrowed.

He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late ;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, — as, you know,  
What great ones do, the less will prattle of, —  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since ; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died : for whose dear loss,  
They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O, that I served that lady,  
And might not be deliver'd to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is !<sup>5</sup>

*Cap.* That were hard to compass ;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee  
I well believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pr'ythee, — and I'll pay thee bounteously, —  
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke :

<sup>5</sup> Viola is herself a nobleman's daughter ; and she here wishes that her birth and quality — her *estate* — may be kept secret from the world, till she has a *ripe* occasion for making known who she is. Certain later passages in the play seem to infer that she has already fallen in love with Duke Orsino from the descriptions she has had of him.



Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him :<sup>6</sup>  
 It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,  
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
 That will allow me very worth his service.<sup>7</sup>  
 What else may hap, to time I will commit ;  
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :  
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee : lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death  
 of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'  
 nights : your cousin,<sup>1</sup> my lady, takes great exceptions to  
 your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the mod-  
 est limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I

<sup>6</sup> This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as an *eunuch*.

<sup>7</sup> "Will *approve* me worth his service"; that is, "will *prove* that I am worth," &c. This use of to *allow* for to *approve* is very common in old English; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "O Heavens, if your sweet sway *allow* obedience."

<sup>1</sup> *Cousin* was used, not only for what we so designate, but also for *nephew*, *niece*, *grandchild*, and, indeed, *kindred* in general.

<sup>2</sup> The Poet here shows his familiarity with the technical language of the Law; Sir Toby being made to run a whimsical play upon the old legal phrase, "those things being excepted which were before excepted."

am :<sup>3</sup> these clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man<sup>4</sup> as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose ?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,<sup>5</sup> and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed, all most natural :<sup>6</sup> for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller ; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust<sup>7</sup> he hath in quar-

<sup>3</sup> Sir Toby purposely misunderstands *confine*, taking it for *refine*.

<sup>4</sup> The use of *tall* for *bold*, *valiant*, *stout*, was common in Shakespeare's time, and occurs several times in his works. Sir Toby is evidently bantering with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature. See vol. ii., page 222, note 4.

<sup>5</sup> *Viol-de-gamboys* appears to be a Tobyism for *viol da gamba*, an instrument much like the violoncello : so called because it was held between the legs ; *gamba* being Italian for *leg*. According to Gifford, the instrument "was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion affected an acquaintance with this instrument."

<sup>6</sup> Maria plays upon *natural*, which, in one of its senses, meant a *fool*. See page 15, note 3.—There is also an equivocal in *all most*, one of the senses being *almost*.

<sup>7</sup> *Gust* is *taste*, from the Italian *gusto* ; not much used now, though its sense lives in *disgust*.

relling, 'tis thought among thè prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors<sup>8</sup> that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece : I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria : he's a coward and a coistrel<sup>9</sup> that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.<sup>10</sup> What, wench ! *Castiliano volto* ;<sup>11</sup> for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch ; how now, Sir Toby Belch !

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew !

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.<sup>12</sup>

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

<sup>8</sup> *Substractors* is another Tobyism for *detractors*.

<sup>9</sup> Holinshed classes *coistrels* among the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt.

<sup>10</sup> A large top was formerly kept in each village for the peasantry to amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb.

<sup>11</sup> Meaning, "Put on a Castilian face"; that is, grave, solemn looks.

<sup>12</sup> Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight : *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let her part so,<sup>13</sup> Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.<sup>14</sup>

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so : I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think ; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more

<sup>13</sup> *Part* for *depart*. A frequent usage. See vol. i., page 106, note 11.

<sup>14</sup> The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments, and a dry hand was considered a symptom of debility.—The relevancy of "thought is free" may be not very apparent. Perhaps the following from Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581, will illustrate it: "None, quoth she, can judge of wit but they that have it. Why, then, quoth he, dost thou think me a fool? *Thought is free*, my lord, quoth she."

wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.<sup>15</sup>

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the Arts !

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.<sup>16</sup>

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question ; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff ; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby : your niece will not be seen ; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me : the Count<sup>17</sup> himself here hard by wooes her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the Count : she'll not match above

<sup>15</sup> So in *The Haven of Health*, 1584 : "Galen affirmeth that biefte maketh grosse bloude and engendreth melancholie, especially if it is much eaten, and if such as doe eat it be of a melancholy complexion."

<sup>16</sup> Sir Toby is quibbling between *tongues* and *tongs*, the latter meaning, of course, the well-known instrument for *curling* the hair. The two words were often written, and probably sounded, alike, or nearly so. So in the introduction to *The Faerie Queene* : "O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull *tong*." Here the word rhymes with *long* and *wrong*. For this explanation, which is not more ingenious than apt and just, I am indebted to a private letter from Mr. Joseph Crosby.

<sup>17</sup> The titles *Duke* and *Count* are used indifferently of Orsino. The reason of this, if there be any, is not apparent. The Poet of course understood the difference between a duke and a count, well enough. White suggests that in a revisal of the play he may have concluded to change the title, and then, for some cause, left the change incomplete.



her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,<sup>18</sup> man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses,<sup>19</sup> knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with a nobleman.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.<sup>20</sup>

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?<sup>21</sup> why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?<sup>22</sup> My very walk should be a jig ; I would not so much as make water but in

<sup>18</sup> Equivalent to "there is *hope* in it." It was a phrase of the time.

<sup>19</sup> A Tobyism, probably, for *kickshawes*, an old word for *trifles* or *knick-knacks*; said to be a corruption of the French *quelque chose*.

<sup>20</sup> A double pun is probably intended here; the meaning being, "If you can do the man's part in a galliard, I can do the woman's." *Mutton* was sometimes used as a slang term for a *woman*.

<sup>21</sup> *Mistress Mall* was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Moll Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called *The Madde Prankes of Merry Moll of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose*, by John Day. Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled *The Roaring Girl*, of which she was the heroine. Portraits were commonly curtained to keep off the dust.

<sup>22</sup> *Galliard* and *coranto* are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain."

a sink-a-pace.<sup>23</sup> What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.<sup>24</sup> Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs.<sup>25</sup> Let me see thee caper. [*Sir AND. dances.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the Count.

*Enter the DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

<sup>23</sup> *Sink-a-pace* was a popular corruption of *cinque-pace*; a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five. See vol. iv., page 173, note 6.

<sup>24</sup> "A flame-colour'd stock" is a pretty emphatic sort of *stocking*.—"Indifferent well" is *tolerably* well. A frequent usage.

<sup>25</sup> Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong; the zodiacal sign Taurus having reference to the neck and throat. The point seems to be that Sir Toby is poking fun at Sir Andrew's conceit of agility: "I can cut a caper."

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord ; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all ;<sup>1</sup> I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul :  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait<sup>2</sup> unto her ;  
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,  
Rather than make unprofitèd<sup>3</sup> return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then ?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith !  
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it ;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious ;<sup>4</sup> thy small pipe

<sup>1</sup> That is, "no less *than* all." This use of *but* with the force of *than* is quite frequent in Shakespeare. In *As You Like It*, v. 2, page 100, we have five instances of it in one speech : "Your brother and my sister no sooner met, *but* they looked" ; &c.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning is, "*direct thy course*," or *thy steps*. The Poet often uses to *address* in the sense of to *make ready* or *prepare* ; and here the meaning is much the same. See page 112, note 24.

<sup>3</sup> *Unprofitèd* for *unprofitable*. Shakespeare often uses the endings *-able* and *-ed* indiscriminately. So he has *detested* for *detestable*, *unnumbered* for *innumerable*, *unavoided* for *unavoidable*, and many others.

<sup>4</sup> Rubious is *red* or *rosy*. This sense lives in *ruby* and *rubicund*.

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound ;  
 And all is semblative a woman's part.  
 I know thy constellation<sup>5</sup> is right apt  
 For this affair. — Some four or five attend him ;  
 All, if you will ; for I myself am best  
 When least in company. — Prosper well in this,  
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
 To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.*

I'll do my best

To woo your lady : — [*Aside.*] yet, a barful strife !<sup>6</sup>

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter MARIA and the Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me : he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.<sup>1</sup>

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer.<sup>2</sup> I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

<sup>5</sup> An astrological allusion. A man's constellation is the star that was in the ascendant at his birth, and so determined what he had a genius for.

<sup>6</sup> A strife or undertaking *full of bars* or *impediments*.

<sup>1</sup> Both the origin of this phrase and the meaning attached to it, notwithstanding Maria's explanation, are still obscure. *Colours* is still used for *flag* ; and probably it is here to be taken in a figurative sense for *enemy*.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a *short* or *spare* answer ; like the diet used in Lent. *Lenten* might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor the water-poet speaks of "a lenten top," which people amused themselves with during Lent ; and in *Hamlet* we have, "what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you."

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, — is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

*Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.<sup>3</sup>

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?<sup>4</sup> *Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.* —

*Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the Fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

<sup>3</sup> Maria quibbles upon *points*. *Gaskins* was the name of a man's nether garment, large hose, or trousers; and the points were the tags or laces which, being tied, held them up. See vol. ii., page 193, note 4.

<sup>4</sup> *Quinapalus* is an imaginary author. To invent or to coin names and authorities for the nonce, seems to be a part of this Clown's humour.



*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry Fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for, give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd : virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin ; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue : if that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. — The lady bade take away the Fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum* ;<sup>5</sup> that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it ?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

*Oli.* Good Fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in Hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in Heaven, Fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this Fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

<sup>5</sup> A common proverb ; literally, "a hood does not make a monk." Shakespeare has it elsewhere.

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him : infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio ?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal : I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the Fools' zanies.<sup>6</sup>

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts<sup>7</sup> that you deem cannon-bullets : there is no slander in an allow'd Fool,<sup>8</sup> though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

<sup>6</sup> The *zany* in Shakespeare's day was the attenuated mime of the mimic. He was the servant or attendant of the professional clown, who accompanied him on the stage or in the ring; attempting to imitate his tricks, and adding to the general merriment by his ludicrous failures and comic imbecility. It is this characteristic, not merely of mimicry, but of weak and abortive mimicry, that gives its distinctive meaning to the word, and colours it with a special tinge of contempt. This feature of the early stage has descended to our own times, and may still be found in the performances of the circus. We have ourselves seen the clown and the *zany* in the ring together; the clown doing clever tricks, the *zany* provoking immense laughter by his ludicrous failures in attempting to imitate them. — *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869.

<sup>7</sup> *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds. See page 108, note 13.

<sup>8</sup> An *allow'd Fool* was the domestic or court Fool, like Touchstone in *As You Like It*; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley;

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,<sup>9</sup> for thou speak'st well of Fools !

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it ?

*Mar.* I know not, madam : 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay ?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing but madman : fie on him ! [*Exit MARIA.*] — Go you, Malvolio : if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] — Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a Fool, — whose skull Jove cram with brains ! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin ?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman ! what gentleman ?

with whom folly was an art ; and whose functions are so admirably set forth by Jaques in the play just mentioned, ii. 7.

<sup>9</sup> The Clown means, that unless Olivia *lied* she could not "speak well of Fools" ; therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with *leasing*. *Leasing* was about the same as our *fibbing*. As Mercury was the God of cheats and liars, the Clown aptly invokes his aid.

<sup>10</sup> The membrane that covers the brain ; put for the brain itself.

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring !<sup>11</sup> — How now, sot !<sup>12</sup>

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby ! —

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

*Sir To.* Lechery ! I defy<sup>13</sup> lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he ?

*Sir To.* Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, Fool ?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, — he's drown'd : go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the Fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

<sup>11</sup> Pickled herrings seem to have been a common relish in drunken sprees. Gabriel Harvey says of Robert Greene, the profligate dramatist, that he died " of a surfett of pickle herringe and Rennishe wine."

<sup>12</sup> *Sot* is used by the Poet for *fool* ; as in *The Merry Wives* Dr. Caius says, " Have you make-a de *sot* of us ? "

<sup>13</sup> To *defy* was often used for to *renounce*, or *abjure*. See page 114, note 35.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* 'Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,<sup>14</sup> and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he ?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man ?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he ?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple :<sup>15</sup> 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly ;<sup>16</sup> one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face.  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

*Oli.* Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ?

<sup>14</sup> The Sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations and placards were affixed.

<sup>15</sup> A *codling*, according to Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early stage of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, begins to assume a globular and determinate shape. The original of *squash* was used of such young vegetables as were eaten in the state of immaturity.

<sup>16</sup> *Shrewishly* is *sharply, tartly* ; like a *shrew*. So, of old, *shrewd* meant *keen* or *biting*. See page 113, note 28.



*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn : I am very comptible<sup>17</sup> even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned : I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates ; and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of Moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

<sup>17</sup> *Comptible* is *susceptible*, or *sensitive*. The proper meaning of the word is *accountable*.

*Vio.* No, good swabber ; I am to hull here<sup>18</sup> a little longer.  
— Some mollification for your giant,<sup>19</sup> sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.<sup>20</sup>

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage : I hold the olive in my hand ; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity.  
[*Exit MARIA.*] — Now, sir, what is your text ?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady, —

*Oli.* A comfortable<sup>21</sup> doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom ! In what chapter of his bosom ?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it : it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

<sup>18</sup> To *hull* is a nautical term, probably meaning to haul in sails and lay-to, without coming to anchor. *Swabber* is also a nautical term, used of one who attends to the swabbing or cleaning of the deck.

<sup>19</sup> Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant, alluding, ironically, to the small stature of Maria.

<sup>20</sup> Viola's being a messenger implies that it is not her own mind, but that of the sender, that she is to tell.

<sup>21</sup> *Comfortable* for *comforting* ; the passive form with the active sense. Often so. See vol. iv., page 15, note 15.

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:<sup>22</sup> is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red;<sup>23</sup> item, two gray eyes,<sup>24</sup> with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?<sup>25</sup>

*Vio.* I see you what you are, — you are too proud;  
But, if you were the Devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adoratiöns, with fertile tears,<sup>26</sup>

<sup>22</sup> It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued; the meaning being, "behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."

<sup>23</sup> "*Indifferent red*" is *tolerably* red. See page 148, note 24.

<sup>24</sup> *Blue* eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time. See page 67, note 45.

<sup>25</sup> To *appraise* me, or *set a value upon* me; referring to the *inventory* she has just given of her graces.

<sup>26</sup> *Fertile* appears to be used here in the sense of *copious*. Shakespeare has *fruitful* in a like sense. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "No, nor the *fruitful* river in the eye."

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;  
In voices well divulged,<sup>27</sup> free, learn'd, and valiant ;  
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly love,  
In your denial I would find no sense ;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you ?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house ;  
Write loyal cantons<sup>28</sup> of contemnèd love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;  
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air<sup>29</sup>  
Cry out, *Olivia* ! O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me !

*Oli.* You might do much. What is your parentage ?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord ;  
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :

<sup>27</sup> Meaning, perhaps, well spoken of, well *voiced* in the public mouth ; or it may mean well reputed for knowledge in the languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time.

<sup>28</sup> *Cantons* is the old English word for *cantos*.

<sup>29</sup> A Shakespearian expression for *echo*.

I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

*Oli.* *What is your parentage ? —*  
*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :*  
*I am a gentleman.* I'll be sworn thou art ;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee fivefold blazon. — Not too fast ; —  
Soft, soft ! —  
Unless the master were the man.<sup>30</sup> — How now !  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —  
What, ho, Malvolio !

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish<sup>31</sup> messenger,  
The County's man : he left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [Exit.

<sup>30</sup> *Soft!* was in frequent use, as here, for *stay! not too fast!* Olivia means, apparently, that her passion is going ahead too fast, unless Orsino were its object, who is Viola's master.

<sup>31</sup> *Peevish* was commonly used for *foolish* or *childish* ; hence, perhaps, the meaning it now bears of *fretful*. It may have either meaning here, or both.



*Oli.* I do I know not what ; and fear to find  
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.<sup>32</sup>  
 Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;<sup>33</sup>  
 What is decreed must be, — and be this so !      [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not that I go with you ?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me : the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone : it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.<sup>1</sup> But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing<sup>2</sup> to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to

<sup>32</sup> She fears that her eyes have formed so flattering an idea of Cesario, that she will not have the strength of mind to resist the impression.

<sup>33</sup> We are not our own masters ; we cannot govern ourselves. *Owe* for *own*, *possess*, or *have* ; as usual.

<sup>1</sup> "The purpose of my voyage ends with the voyage itself," or, "I am travelling merely for the sake of travel." *Extravagancy* is used in the Latin sense of going at large ; as in *Hamlet*, i. 1 : "Th' *extravagant* and erring spirit hies to his confine."

<sup>2</sup> *Willing* in the sense of *choosing*, *wishing*, or *preferring*.

express myself.<sup>3</sup> You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour : if the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended ! but you, sir, alter'd that ; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day !

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful ; but, though I could not, with such an estimable wonder, over-far believe that,<sup>4</sup> yet thus far I will boldly publish her, — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble !

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love,<sup>5</sup> let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so

<sup>3</sup> To declare or unfold myself. Sebastian holds himself the more bound to give the information, inasmuch as Antonio's delicacy keeps him from asking, or from being inquisitive.

<sup>4</sup> The meaning is, "Though I could not, when compared with a person of such admirable beauty, over-far believe that I resembled her."

<sup>5</sup> This may refer to what is thus delivered by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate* : When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him, — "Are you mad ? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man ? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury ?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods ; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived.

near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court : farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !  
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there :  
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit*]

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia ?

*Vio.* Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.<sup>1</sup>

*Vio.* She took no ring of me : I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?  
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !  
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,  
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,<sup>2</sup>  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

<sup>1</sup> "Receive it so" is *understand* it so. *Take* is still used in the same way.

<sup>2</sup> Her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgment.

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.  
I am the man : if it be so, — as 'tis, —  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant<sup>3</sup> enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false<sup>4</sup>  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !  
For, such as we are made of, such we be.<sup>5</sup>  
How will this fadge ?<sup>6</sup> my master loves her dearly ;  
And I, poor monster,<sup>7</sup> fond as much on him,  
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this ? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love ;  
As I am woman, — now, alas the day ! —  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !  
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I ;  
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie !

[Exit.

<sup>3</sup> *Pregnant* is *quick-witted, cunning*.

<sup>4</sup> *Proper* is here used in the sense of *handsome* : the meaning of the passage being, " How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as *proper-false* are not unusual in Shakespeare. *Beauteous-evil* occurs in this play.

<sup>5</sup> *Such* evidently refers to *frailty* in the preceding line ; the sense being, " Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail."

<sup>6</sup> *Fadge*, meaning *fit* or *suit*, was a polite word in Shakespeare's time, and moved, without question, in the best circles.

<sup>7</sup> Viola calls herself *monster* from the fact of her being, in a manner, both woman and man.

SCENE III.—*A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes : and *diluculo surgere*,<sup>1</sup> thou know'st, —

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early : so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?<sup>2</sup>

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar : let us therefore eat and drink. — Maria, I say ! a stoup<sup>3</sup> of wine !

*Sir And.* Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

*Enter the Clown.*

*Clo.* How now, my hearts ! did you never see the picture of *We Three*?<sup>4</sup>

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lily's Grammar. It means, " To rise betimes is very wholesome."

<sup>2</sup> The four elements referred to are earth, water, air, and fire ; the right mixing of which was supposed to be the condition of health in body and mind.

<sup>3</sup> *Stoup* is an old word for *cup* ; often used by the Poet.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, " We three loggerheads be " ; the point of the joke being, of course, that the *spectator* was the *third*.

<sup>5</sup> *Breast* was often used for *voice* in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, " singing men *well-breasted*." This use of the word grew from the form of the breast having much to do with the quality of the voice.



I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pi-grogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:<sup>6</sup> hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratillity;<sup>7</sup> for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril<sup>8</sup> of me too: if one knight give a —

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?<sup>9</sup>

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

SONG.<sup>10</sup>

*Clo.* *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*

*O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,*

<sup>6</sup> *Leman* is *mistress* or *sweetheart*.

<sup>7</sup> *Impetticoat*, or *impocket*, thy *gratuity*. Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the Clown in this scene; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the *Poet*!

<sup>8</sup> The *testril* or *testern* was originally a French coin, of sixpence value, or thereabouts; so called from having a *teste* or head stamped upon it.

<sup>9</sup> That is, a civil and virtuous song; so described in *The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow*.

<sup>10</sup> This song probably was not written by Shakespeare. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, says the tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. He also says it was printed in 1599; and from this he concludes "either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song, introduced into the play." Dyce thinks "the latter supposition is doubtless the true one."

*That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* *What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;  
Present mirth hath present laughter ;  
What's to come is still unsure :  
In delay there lies no plenty ;  
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,<sup>11</sup>  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.  
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed ?<sup>12</sup> shall we  
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out  
of one weaver ?<sup>13</sup> shall we do that ?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't : I am dog at a  
catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

*Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight ? I shall be  
constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to  
call me knave. Begin, Fool : it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

<sup>11</sup> *Sweet-and-twenty* appears to have been an old term of endearment.

<sup>12</sup> Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his  
time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would  
hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,<sup>14</sup> we are politicians ; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguineous ? am I not of her blood ? Tilly-vally, lady !<sup>15</sup> — [*Sings.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady !*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Sings.*] *O' <sup>16</sup> the twelfth day of December,*<sup>17</sup> —

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace !

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad ? or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night ? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's

<sup>14</sup> This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

<sup>15</sup> An interjection of contempt, equivalent to *fiddle-fuddle*.

<sup>16</sup> This is not the interjectional *O*, but the elided preposition *on* or *of*.

<sup>17</sup> With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellow. A similar thing occurs in *2 Henry IV.*, where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Peg-a-Ramsey*, or *Peggy Ramsey*, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

house, that ye squeak out your coziers' <sup>18</sup> catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up ! <sup>19</sup>

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round <sup>20</sup> with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house ; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.* <sup>21</sup>

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* [Sings.] *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *But I will never die.*

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go?*

*Clo.* [Sings.] *What an if you do?*

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

*Clo.* [Sings.] *O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

*Sir To.* Out o' time, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

<sup>18</sup> *Coziers* is *botchers*, whether botching with the needles or with awls.

<sup>19</sup> *Snick-up* was an exclamation of contempt, equivalent to "Go hang yourself," or "go and be hanged."

<sup>20</sup> *Round* is *downright* or *plain-spoken*.

<sup>21</sup> This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis*. It was inserted in Percy's *Reliques* from an ancient miscellany, called *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad.

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.<sup>22</sup>—A stoup of wine, Maria !

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule : she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.<sup>23</sup>

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight : I'll write thee a challenge ; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night : since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword,<sup>24</sup> and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know I can do it.

*Sir And.* Possess us,<sup>25</sup> possess us ; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog !

<sup>22</sup> Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crumbs*. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* : "Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

<sup>23</sup> "Shake your ears" is probably used as a metaphor implying that Malvolio has *long ears* ; in other words, that he is an *ass*.

<sup>24</sup> *Nay-word* here means *by-word* or *laughing-stock*. So defined in an old dictionary. Elsewhere the Poet has it in the sense of *watch-word*.

<sup>25</sup> *Possess* for *inform* ; a very frequent usage. See vol. iii., page 130, note 12.



*Sir To.* What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass,<sup>26</sup> that cons State without book, and utters it by great swaths:<sup>27</sup> the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir To.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construc-

<sup>26</sup> An *affected ass*. *Affection* was often used for *affectation*.

<sup>27</sup> By great parcels or heaps. *Swaths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower. *Maria* means that he is full of political strut, and spouts arguments of State by rote.

tion of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event.  
Farewell.

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.<sup>28</sup> [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle,<sup>29</sup> true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight : if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.<sup>30</sup>

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come ; I'll go burn some sack ;<sup>31</sup> 'tis too late to go to bed now : come, knight ; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music :—now, good morrow, friends.—  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night :  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,

<sup>28</sup> Penthesilea was Queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War; *politely*.

<sup>29</sup> A *beagle* was a small hound, and a keen hunter; applied to Maria from her brevity of person and sharpness of wit.

<sup>30</sup> *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail*. One of the carriers' horses in *Henry IV.* is called *Cut*.

<sup>31</sup> *Sack* is an old term for *sherry wine*, which appears to have been Sir Toby's favourite beverage, as it was also Falstaff's. The phrase "*burnt sack*" occurs twice in *The Merry Wives*; perhaps a preparation of sack and other ingredients finished for the mouth, as flip used to be, by thrusting a red-hot iron into it.

More than light airs and recollected terms<sup>1</sup>  
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
 Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord ; a Fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.

*Duke.* Go seek him out : — and play the tune the while. —  
 [*Exit CURIO. Music.*]

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,  
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;  
 For such as I am all true lovers are, —  
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
 Save in the constant image of the creature  
 That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
 Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly :  
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
 Hath stay'd upon some favour<sup>2</sup> that it loves :  
 Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by Heaven : let still the woman take

<sup>1</sup> This is commonly explained as meaning *repeated* terms, or the repetition of poetical and musical phrases. Some think *terms* refers to a sort of lyrical embroidery made by running culled expressions together, and so lacking the plainness and simplicity that goes to the heart. *Old and antique*, two lines before, is not a pleonasm, *antique* carrying a sense of quaintness as well as of age.

<sup>2</sup> *Favour* for *feature*. Viola in her reply plays upon the word.

An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,  
 So sways she level in her husband's heart :  
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
 Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;  
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so, —  
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

*Re-enter CURIO with the Clown.*

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night. —  
 Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :  
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
 And the free<sup>3</sup> maids that weave their thread with bones,  
 Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,<sup>4</sup>  
 And dallies with the innocence of love,  
 Like the old age.<sup>5</sup>

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress<sup>6</sup> let me be laid ;

<sup>3</sup> *Free* appears to have been often used in the sense of *pure* or *chaste*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 3, Hermione is described as " a gracious innocent soul, more *free* than he is jealous." It may, however, mean *frank*, *unsuspecting* ; the proper style of a plain and guileless heart.

<sup>4</sup> *Silly sooth* is *simple truth*.

<sup>5</sup> The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

<sup>6</sup> Cypress wood was thought to be the fittest for coffins. — *Come away* here means *come on*, or *come*, simply. Repeatedly so.

*Fly away, fly away, breath ;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 O, prepare it !  
 My part of death, no one so true  
 Did share it.<sup>7</sup>*

*Not a flower,\* not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O, where  
 Sad true-love never find my grave,  
 To weep there !*

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.<sup>8</sup>

*Clo.* Now the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal !<sup>9</sup> I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their

<sup>7</sup> Death is a part in the drama of life, which all have to undergo or to act ; and the thought here seems to be, that, "of all the actors who have shared in this common lot, I am the truest," or, "no one has been so true as I."

<sup>8</sup> Probably the Duke's polite way of requesting the Clown to leave. Some, however, think the text corrupt ; and so indeed it may be.

<sup>9</sup> The opal is a gem that varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights, like what is sometimes called *changeable silk*, that is, *taffeta*. "The melancholy god" is Saturn ; hence the word *saturnine*, which means *sad* or *gloomy*.



intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt* CURIO and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;  
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune ;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady — as, perhaps, there is —  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;  
You tell her so ; must she not, then, be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.<sup>10</sup>  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —  
No motion of the liver,<sup>11</sup> but the palate, —  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much : make no compare

<sup>10</sup> *Retention* here evidently has the sense of *capacity*. A rather singular use of the word ; but the Poet has it so again in his 122d Sonnet : "That poor *retention* could not hold so much." — "So big, to hold" is "so big, as to hold" ; an ellipsis occurring very often.

<sup>11</sup> The *liver* was thought to be the special seat of love and courage. See page 139, note 7.

Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know, —

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe :  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;<sup>12</sup>  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.<sup>13</sup> Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I'm all the daughters of my father's House,  
And all the brothers too ; — and yet I know not.  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denay.<sup>14</sup> [*Exeunt.*

<sup>12</sup> The meaning is, "she wasted away through grief." So in Hamlet's soliloquy : "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; that is, the pale complexion of grief. And in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1 : "If he love Cæsar, all that he can do is to himself; take thought and die for Cæsar"; where *take thought and die* means "grieve himself to death." So, again, in St. Matthew, vi. 25 : "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink;" &c.

<sup>13</sup> She sat smiling at grief as the image of Patience sits on a monument.

<sup>14</sup> *Denay* is an old form of *denial*; used here for the rhyme.

## SCENE V. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.<sup>1</sup>

*Sir To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter<sup>2</sup> come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man : you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue :<sup>3</sup> — shall we not, Sir Andrew?

<sup>1</sup> *Melancholy* must be used here to signify a form of *madness* or *lunacy* ; something such as Milton has in view, in *Paradise Lost*, x. i. 485 : "Demonic frenzy, moping *melancholy*, and moon-struck madness." Shakespeare repeatedly supposes the brains of crazy people to be in a *boiling* or highly feverish state ; as in *A Midsummer*, v. i. : "Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains." See vol. iii., page 76, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Sheep-biter*, says Dyce, was "a cant term for a *thief*." But I do not well see how it should be applied to Malvolio in that sense. In *Measure for Measure*, v. i, Lucio says to the Duke, who is disguised as a Friar, "Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your *sheep-biting* face." Here *sheep-biting*, as also *sheep-biter* in the text, seems to have the sense of *morose*, *ensorious*, *fault-finding*, or given to biting unoffending persons with harsh language. In Chapman's *May-Day*, iii. i, a lecherous, intriguing old rogue, named Lorenzo, has a sharp trick played upon him by his nephew Lodovico, who speaks of him as follows : "Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him ; and yet marvellous worthy, for he disparageth the whole blood of us ; and I wish all such old *sheep-biters* might dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton."

<sup>3</sup> I can hardly imagine what this means, having never met with the phrase anywhere else, that I remember. What it is to be flogged *black and blue* I have ample cause to know : but to be *fooled* black and blue, what is it ? Is it to mock one, till he turns black in the face from anger and vexation ? The best I can do with it is by quoting from one of Mr. Mantalini's speeches in *Nicholas Nickleby* : "What a demnition long time have you kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into *blue convulsions*, upon my life and soul, oh demmit."

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain. —

*Enter MARIA.*

How now, my metal of India !<sup>4</sup>

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! [*The men hide themselves.*] — Lie thou there ; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue !

*Fab.* O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !<sup>5</sup>

*Sir And.* 'Slight,<sup>6</sup> I could so beat the rogue !

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio : —

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue !

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

<sup>4</sup> "Metal of India" probably means *precious girl*, or *heart of gold*.

<sup>5</sup> To *jet* is to *strut* with pride. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3 : "The gates of monarchs are arch'd so high, that giants may *jet* through, and keep their impious turbans on, without good morrow to the Sun." — *Advanced plumes* is *raised* or *uplifted feathers*.

<sup>6</sup> 'Slight! is a disguised oath, for *God's light* !

*Sir To.* Peace, peace !

*Mal.* — there is example for't ; the lady of the strachy<sup>7</sup> married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel !

*Fab.* O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.<sup>8</sup>

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow,<sup>9</sup> to hit him in the eye !

*Mal.* — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping ; —

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone !

*Fab.* O, peace, peace !

*Mal.* — and then to have the humour of state ; and, after a demure travel of regard,<sup>10</sup> — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby. —

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles !

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

<sup>7</sup> Payne Knight conjectured that *strachy* was a corruption of the Italian *stratico*, a word derived from the low Latin *strategus*, or *straticus*, and often used for the governor of a city or province. But Mr. A. E. Brae offers, I think, a more probable explanation : " Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, has a word very like in sound to this *strachy* : '*Stratisco*, the train or long garment of state worn by a princess.' And when it is considered that there is a sort of appositeness in making the lady who wears the train condescend to marry the man who had charge of it, it offers, I think, a very probable interpretation of Malvolio's meaning." He also quotes from Camden's *Remains* an epitaph showing that "yeoman of the wardrobe" was a well known office in the households of high-born ladies : " Her lyes Richard Hobbs, Yeoman of the roabes to our late sovereigne Queene Mary."

<sup>8</sup> *Puffs him up.* So in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* : " Knowledge *bloweth up*, but charity buildeth up."

<sup>9</sup> A bow for hurling stones.

<sup>10</sup> This seems to be a Malvolian phrase for a stern and awful gaze or stare, with an air of dignified contempt.



*Mal.* — Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; curtsies<sup>11</sup> there to me : —

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live ?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

*Mal.* — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,<sup>12</sup> —

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then ?

*Mal.* — saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech ;* —

*Sir To.* What, what ?

*Mal.* — *you must amend your drunkenness.* —

*Sir To.* Out, scab ?

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* — *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,* —

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* — *one Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What employment have we here ?

[*Taking up the letter.*

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.<sup>13</sup>

*Sir To.* O, peace ! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !<sup>14</sup>

<sup>11</sup> *Curtsy* was used, to denote acts of civility and reverence by either sex.

<sup>12</sup> "An austere regard of control" probably means such a look of sternness as would awe down or repress any approaches of familiarity.

<sup>13</sup> The woodcock was thought to be the stupidest of birds ; and *gin* was but another word for *trap* or *snare*.

<sup>14</sup> "May the self-love-sick humour that possesses him prompt him to read the letter aloud !" Sir Toby wants to hear the contents, and also to see Malvolio smack his lips over the "dish of poison."

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's* : why that ?

*Mal.* [Reads.] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes :* her very phrases ! — By your leave, wax. — Soft ! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal : 'tis my lady. To whom should this be ?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [Reads.] *Jove knows I love : but who ?*

*Lips, do not move ; no man must know.*

*No man must know.* What follows ? the numbers alter'd !<sup>15</sup>

*No man must know.* If this should be thee, Malvolio !

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock !<sup>16</sup>

*Mal.* [Reads.] *I may command where I adore :*

*But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,*

*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :*

*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle !

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* — Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dress'd him !<sup>17</sup>

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks at it !<sup>18</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Referring, no doubt, to the *different versification* of what follows. The use of *numbers* for *verse* is quite common ; as in Milton's "harmonious numbers," and Pope's "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

<sup>16</sup> *Brock* is *badger*, and was used as a term of contempt.

<sup>17</sup> An exclamative speech. We should say "What a dish," &c. See vol. i., page 163, note 5.

<sup>18</sup> The *staniel* is a species of hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his *Book of Falconry*, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ;<sup>19</sup> there is no obstruction in this : and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly ! — *M, O, A, I,* —

*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that : — he is now at a cold scent.<sup>20</sup>

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.<sup>21</sup>

*Mal.* *M,* — Malvolio ; *M,* — why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.<sup>22</sup>

*Mal.* *M,* — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation :<sup>23</sup> *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O* !

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

<sup>19</sup> To any one *in his senses*, or whose *capacity* is not out of *form*. See vol. i., page 137, note 7.

<sup>20</sup> A *cold scent* is a trail that has grown so faint as not to be traceable by the smell, or hardly so.

<sup>21</sup> *Sowter* is used here as the name of a hound. — The Poet sometimes has *though* in a causal, not a concessive, sense ; that is, as equivalent to *because*, *for*, *since*, or *inasmuch as*. In such cases, his meaning naturally appears to us just the opposite of what it really is. So, here, *though it be* stands for *since* or *because it is*. The logic of the passage requires it to be so understood ; for, when a hound loses the trail, he snuffs all round till he recovers it, and then sets up a peculiar howl, "cries upon't," and starts off afresh in the pursuit. "Giving mouth" is the technical phrase for it ; and Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me that "it is a cry well known both to the sportsmen and also to the rest of the pack, which immediately opens in concert." See, also, vol. ii., page 31, note 22.

<sup>22</sup> A *fault*, in the language of the chase, is a breach in the continuity of the trail, so that the hound loses the scent, and has to trace or snuff it out anew. See vol. ii., page 141, notes 11 and 12.

<sup>23</sup> That is, *fails* or *breaks down* on being *tried* or *put to the proof*.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*; this simulation<sup>24</sup> is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

— [Reads.] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them : and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue twang arguments of State ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd :<sup>25</sup> I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discover not more :<sup>26</sup> this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise<sup>27</sup> the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady

<sup>24</sup> *Simulation* for *resemblance* or *similarity*. Malvolio cannot so easily find himself pointed out here as in what has gone before.

<sup>25</sup> A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. Rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcombical.

<sup>26</sup> *Champain* is open, level country, affording a free prospect.

<sup>27</sup> "I will be punctiliously exacting and precise in all the dues and belongings of my rank." — To *baffle*, as the word is here used, is to *triumph over*, to *treat contemptuously*, or to *put down*.

loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,<sup>28</sup> in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. God and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads.] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*

God, I thank Thee.—I will smile ; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.<sup>29</sup>

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device, —

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* —and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,<sup>30</sup> and become thy bond-slave?

<sup>28</sup> *Strange*, here, is *reserved*, *distant*, or *standing aloof*, and on his dignity. And *stout* is in "a concatenation accordingly"; that is, *haughty*, *overbearing*, or *stout-tempered*.

<sup>29</sup> *Sophy* was the Persian title of majesty. At the time this play was written, Sir Robert Shirley had lately returned as ambassador from the Sophy. Sir Robert boasted of the great rewards he had received, and cut a big dash in London.

<sup>30</sup> *Tray-trip* was probably a game of dice; though some hold it to have



*Sir And.* I'faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar,<sup>31</sup> thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S *Garden*.

*Enter VIOLA, and the Clown with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

been the game of draughts. So in an old satire called *Machiavel's Dog*: "But, leaving cards, let's go to *dice* awhile; to passage, *treitrippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."—*Play my freedom* means play for my freedom; that is, *stake it*.

<sup>31</sup> *Tartar* is the old Tartarus or Hades. Note the sympathy of *Tartar* and *devil*.

<sup>1</sup> It seems that the "allowed Fool" had a prescriptive right to the *tabor* as his musical instrument. Tarleton, the famous stage jester, is represented as armed with one, in a cut prefixed to his *Fests*, 1611.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?<sup>2</sup>

*Clo.* No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by thy church.

*Clo.* You have said,<sup>3</sup> sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit :<sup>4</sup> how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward !

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain ; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man ?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.<sup>5</sup>

*Vio.* Thy reason, man ?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

<sup>2</sup> *Churchman* was in common use for *clergyman*.

<sup>3</sup> This form of assent or affirmation, now obsolete, occurs in the Bible ; as in our Lord's answer to Pilate, St. Mark, xv. 2 : "Thou sayest it."

<sup>4</sup> A *cheveril* glove is a *kid* glove. The term was used much as *India rubber* is now. So in one of Ray's proverbs : "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin."

<sup>5</sup> This probably alludes to an order of the Privy Council, in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions on the Poet's art. The order, besides that it allowed only two houses to be used for stage-plays in the city and suburbs, interdicted those two from playing at all during Lent, or in any time of great sickness, and also limited them to twice a week at all other times. If rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses. As the penalty was imprisonment, it might well be said that words were disgraced by bonds.

*Clo.* Not so, sir ; I do care for something ; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you : if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir ; the Lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,<sup>6</sup>—the husband's the bigger : I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb ; like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but<sup>7</sup> the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass<sup>8</sup> upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*Gives a piece of money.*]

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these breed,<sup>9</sup> sir ?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir : 'tis well begged.

[*Gives another piece of money.*]

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a

<sup>6</sup> Pilchards are said to differ from herrings only in that they can be fried in their own fat, whereas herrings have not fat enough for that purpose.

<sup>7</sup> *But* is here equivalent to *if not*. See *The Merchant*, ii. 5, note 19.

<sup>8</sup> *Pass* for *make a pass*, *thrust*, or *sally*, of wit.

<sup>9</sup> The Fool is quirkishly asking for a *mate* to the piece of money Viola has given him.

beggar : Cressida was a beggar.<sup>10</sup> My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin, — I might say element,<sup>11</sup> but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the Fool ;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time ;  
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye.<sup>12</sup> This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art :  
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;  
But wise men's folly, shown, quite taints their wit.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman !

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

<sup>10</sup> This famous jilt-heroine is thus addressed in Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* : " Great penurye shalt thou suffer, and as a beggar dye." And again :

Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,  
With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*.

<sup>11</sup> *Element* was constantly in the mouths of those who affected fine talking in the Poet's time. The intellectual exquisites thus run it into cant. Perhaps the word was as much overworked as *idea* and *intuition* are in our time.

<sup>12</sup> A *haggard* is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies, *checks*, at all birds, or birds of *every feather*, indiscriminately. See vol. iv., page 197, note 2.

<sup>13</sup> To *taint*, as here used, is to *impeach*, *attaint*, or bring into an *attainder*. *Wit*, also, was used in the sense of *wisdom*, being in fact from the same original.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list<sup>14</sup> of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste<sup>15</sup> your legs, sir; put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.<sup>16</sup> —

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent-accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* [*Aside.*] That youth's a rare courtier: *Rain odours*: well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant<sup>17</sup> and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* [*Aside.*] *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed*: I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*] — Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:  
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

<sup>14</sup> *List* was often used for *limit* or *boundary*; as, in the well-known language of the tilting-ground, for *barrier*.

<sup>15</sup> *Taste* was sometimes used in the sense of *try*. So in Chapman's *Odyssey*: "He now began to *taste* the bow."

<sup>16</sup> *Prevented* in the classical sense of *anticipated* or *forestalled*. Often so. See vol. iii., page 116, note 17.

<sup>17</sup> *Pregnant* here means *apprehensive, quick, or intelligent*.



Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf, —

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you :  
I bade you never speak again of him ;  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady, —

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force<sup>18</sup> that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours : what might you think ?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts<sup>19</sup>  
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your  
Receiving<sup>20</sup> enough is shown :  
A cyprus,<sup>21</sup> not a bosom, hides my heart.  
So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grise ;<sup>22</sup> for 'tis a vulgar proof,

<sup>18</sup> *To force* with the sense of *for forcing*. The Poet abounds in such instances of the infinitive used like the gerund in Latin.

<sup>19</sup> The figure is of a bear or other animal tied to a stake, to be *baited* or *worried* by dogs, with *free* or *unmuzzled* mouths.

<sup>20</sup> One so quick to *understand* or *apprehend*.

<sup>21</sup> *Cyprus* was the name of a light transparent fabric, like lawn.

<sup>22</sup> *Grise* is an old word for *step*, and so means the same as Olivia's *de-gree*, which is used in the Latin sense.

That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf ! [*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man :

There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho !<sup>23</sup>

Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

*Oli.* Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right : I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be !

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool. '

*Oli.* [*Aside.*] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon. —

Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre<sup>24</sup> all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,<sup>25</sup>

<sup>23</sup> An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames. *Westward ho*, *Northward ho*, and *Eastward ho*, were also used as titles of plays.

<sup>24</sup> *Maugre* is *in spite of*, from the French *malgre*.

<sup>25</sup> This is rather darkly expressed ; but the meaning appears to be, " Do

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;  
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter, —  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
And that no woman has ; nor never none<sup>26</sup>  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam ; never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and  
FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom : give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the  
Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me ; I  
saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me  
that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward  
you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me ?

not, from what I have just said, force or gather reasons for rejecting my offer." Perhaps Olivia thinks her superiority of rank may excuse her in thus making the first open advances.

<sup>26</sup> We should say, "nor *ever any*." The doubling of negatives is very frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time ; but such a trebling is rare, at least comparatively so.

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist<sup>1</sup> as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then build me<sup>2</sup> thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker<sup>3</sup> in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

<sup>1</sup> The Brownists were one of the radical sects that arose during the reign of Elizabeth; so called from Robert Brown, their founder. Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

<sup>2</sup> In colloquial language, *me* was often thus used redundantly, though with a slight dash of humour.

<sup>3</sup> A *love-broker* is one who mediates or *breaks the ice* between two bashful lovers. Pandarus sustains that office in *Troilus and Cressida*; hence our word *pander*.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curst<sup>4</sup> and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention : taunt him with the license of ink : if thou *thou'st*<sup>5</sup> him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware<sup>6</sup> in England, set 'em down : go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter ; about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at thy *cubiculo* :<sup>7</sup> go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manikin<sup>8</sup> to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad, — some two thousand strong, or so.<sup>9</sup>

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on

<sup>4</sup> *Curst* is *cross, snappish*. We should say, "Be *short*," or "Be *tart*."

<sup>5</sup> This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial ; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker : "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour ; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you ill-bred clown, do you thou me!*"

<sup>6</sup> This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

<sup>7</sup> *Cubiculo*, from the Latin *cubiculum*, is a *sleeping-room*.

<sup>8</sup> *Manikin* is an old diminutive of *man* ; here it means *pet*.

<sup>9</sup> Meaning that he has fooled or dandled so much money out of him.



the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, an you find so much blood in his liver<sup>10</sup> as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.<sup>11</sup>

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen,<sup>12</sup> and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvalio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.<sup>13</sup> He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant<sup>14</sup> that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the

<sup>10</sup> A red liver, or a liver full of blood, was the common badge of courage, as a white or bloodless liver was of cowardice.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The expression seems to have been proverbial; the *wren* generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood.

<sup>12</sup> The spleen was held to be the special seat of unbenevolent risibility, and so the cause of teasing or pestering mirth; *splenetic* laughter. Here it seems to mean a fit or turn of excessive merriment, dashed with something of a spiteful humour.

<sup>13</sup> A rather curious commentary on the old notion of "Salvation by orthodoxy," or "belief in believing." The meaning is, that even one who makes a merit of being easy of belief, as thinking to be saved thereby, could not believe a thing so *grossly incredible* as this. The Poet has *impossible* elsewhere in the sense of *incredible*. See vol. iv., page 179, note 21.

<sup>14</sup> The Poet uses *pedant* for *pedagogue*. So Holofernes the schoolmaster is called repeatedly in *Love's Labours Lost*; also the tutors employed for Catharine and Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

new map, with the augmentation of the Indies :<sup>15</sup> you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you : my desire,  
More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth ;  
And not all love to see you, — though so much  
As might have drawn me to a longer voyage, —  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make, but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks ; too oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :  
But, were my worth,<sup>1</sup> as is my conscience, firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?

<sup>15</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to a map which appeared in the second edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.

<sup>1</sup> *Worth* here stands for *wealth* or *fortune*. Repeatedly so.

Shall we go see the reliques<sup>2</sup> of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me;  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the County's galleys  
I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That, were I ta'en here, it would<sup>3</sup> scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.<sup>4</sup>  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsèd<sup>5</sup> in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not, then, walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Reliques* for *antiquities*, or, as it is said a little after, "the memorials and the things of fame" that confer renown upon the city.

<sup>3</sup> *Would* for *could*; the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* being often used indiscriminately. The same with *shall* and *will*; as in a subsequent speech: "Haply your eyes *shall* light," &c.

<sup>4</sup> *Argument* readily passes over into the sense of *debate*, and *debate* as readily into that of *strife* or *conflict*.

<sup>5</sup> *Lapsèd* is, properly, *fallen*; but here carries the sense of making a *slip* or *mis-step*, so as to be recognized and caught.

<sup>6</sup> An inn so named; probably from its having a picture of an elephant for its sign; like the *boar's-head* of Falstaff's famous tavern in Eastcheap. In old times, when but few people could read, *lettered* signs would not do; and so *pictured* ones were used instead.

Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse ?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To th' Elephant.

*Seb.*

I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* [*Aside.*] I have sent after him : says he, he'll come,  
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?<sup>7</sup>  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio ? — he is sad<sup>1</sup> and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes : —  
Where is Malvolio ?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner.  
He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit MARIA.*] — I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

<sup>7</sup> We should say, "bestow *on* him." This indifferent use of *on* and *of* is very frequent. — In the line before, "says he, he'll come" of course means "if he says he'll come." This way of making the subjunctive is common:

<sup>1</sup> *Sad* in its old sense of *serious* or *grave*. See vol. iv., page 161, note 17.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.*

How now Malvolio !

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho. *[Smiles fantastically.]*

*Oli.* Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, *Please one, and please all.*<sup>2</sup>

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

*Oli.* What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* *Some are born great,*—

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* —*some achieve greatness,*—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

<sup>2</sup> A copy of this "very true sonnet" was discovered a few years ago. It is adorned with a rude portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with her feathered fan, starched ruff, and ample farthingale, and is said to have been composed by her Majesty's right merry and facetious droll, Dick Tarleton; and has the heading, "A prettie new Ballad, intituled, The Crowe sits upon the wall, Please one and please all." The last line forms the burden, and is repeated in each stanza.



Mal. — *and some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee !

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,—*

Oli. My yellow stockings !

Mal. — *and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd !

Mal. *Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made ?

Mal. — *if not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd : I could hardly entreat him back : he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*]—Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my people have a special care of him : I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. O, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ? This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she : *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue twang arguments of State ; put thyself into the trick of singularity* : and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ;<sup>4</sup> but it is God's doing, and God

<sup>3</sup> " 'Tis midsummer moon with you " was a proverbial phrase, meaning you are mad. Hot weather was of old thought to affect the brain.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *caught* her, as a bird is caught with lime. *Lime* was used for any *trap* or *snare* for catching birds. See vol. iv., page 200, note 10.

make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.<sup>5</sup> Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous<sup>6</sup> or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, God, not I, is the doer of this, and He is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. — How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy<sup>7</sup> the Devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

<sup>5</sup> Malvolio takes *fellow* in the sense of *companion* or *equal*.

<sup>6</sup> *Incredulous* for *incredible*; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See page 70, note 4.

<sup>7</sup> *Defy*, again, for *renounce* or *abjure*. See page 155, note 13.

*Mal.* How now, mistress !

*Mar.* O Lord !

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock ! how dost thou, chuck ?<sup>8</sup>

*Mal.* Sir !

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy,<sup>9</sup> come with me. What, man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier !<sup>10</sup>

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers ; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx !

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element : you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Is't possible ?

*Fab.* If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

<sup>8</sup> *Bawcock* and *chuck* were used as terms of playful familiarity, sometimes of endearment.

<sup>9</sup> *Biddy* is a diminutive of *Bridget*. An old term of familiar endearment, applied to chickens and other fowl.

<sup>10</sup> *Cherry-pit* was a game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal-venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The Devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the Devil with the collier."

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.<sup>11</sup> My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. — But see, but see.

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [Reads.] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* [Reads.] *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.

<sup>11</sup> This seems to have been the common way of treating madness in the Poet's time. See page 68, note 49.

<sup>12</sup> It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris-Dance. — In the line before, "a finder of madmen" is probably meant in a legal sense; as when a coroner or jury finds, that is, *brings in* or *renders*, a verdict. See page 85, note 10.

Sir To. [Reads.] *I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads.]—*thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law : good.

Sir To. [Reads.] *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine;<sup>13</sup> but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly :<sup>14</sup> so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away !

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less : therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman—as I

<sup>13</sup> The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat : but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing. — MASON.

<sup>14</sup> *Bum-bailly* is a waggish form of *bum-bailiff*, which, again, is a corruption of *bound-bailiff* ; a subordinate officer, like our deputy-sheriff, so called from the *bond* which he had to give for the faithful discharge of his trust.



know his youth will aptly receive it — into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.<sup>15</sup>

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece : give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I've said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out :  
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, — 'tis my picture :  
Refuse it not ; it hath no tongue to vex you :  
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour, saved, may upon asking give ?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, — your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you ?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well :  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to Hell. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee !

<sup>15</sup> This imaginary serpent was fabled to have the power of darting venom from its eyes, or of killing by its look. Shakespeare elsewhere has the phrase, "death-darting eye of cockatrice." He also has several allusions to the same beast under the name of *basilisk*.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end : dismount thy tuck, be yare<sup>16</sup> in thy preparation ; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite<sup>17</sup> hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he ?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration ;<sup>18</sup> but he is a devil in private brawl : souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob-nob<sup>19</sup> is his word ; give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct<sup>20</sup> of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of

<sup>16</sup> *Tuck* is a rapier or long dagger. — *Yare* is *quick, nimble, or prompt*. — "Attends thee" here means *waits for thee*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 10: "I am attended at the cypress grove."

<sup>17</sup> *Opposite* for *opponent* or *adversary*. So in the second scene of this Act: "And his *opposite*, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty." Shakespeare never uses *opponent*.

<sup>18</sup> The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field ; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

<sup>19</sup> *Hob-nob, hab-nab, habbe or nabbe*, is *have or not have, hit or miss*.

<sup>20</sup> *Conduct* for *conductor, escort, or convoy*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1 :

some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste<sup>21</sup> their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight:<sup>22</sup> I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

"There is in this business more than Nature was ever *conduct* of." Also in *The Merchant*, iv. 1: "Go give him courteous *conduct* to this place."

<sup>21</sup> *Taste* in the sense of *try* has occurred before in this Act.

<sup>22</sup> Viola's fright does not quench her humour, or her sense of the ludicrous in her position. Her meaning is, that she would rather be one of the parties in a marriage than in a duel.

SCENE V. — *The Street adjoining OLIVIA's Garden.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a firago.<sup>1</sup> I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in<sup>2</sup> with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable ; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't : this shall end without the perdition of souls. — [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. —

*Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

[*To FAB.*] I have his horse to take up<sup>3</sup> the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him ;<sup>4</sup> and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* [*To VIO.*] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for's oath-sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth

<sup>1</sup> *Firago*, for *virago*. The meaning appears to be, "I have never seen a viraginous woman so obstreperous and violent as he is."

<sup>2</sup> A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

<sup>3</sup> *Take up* is the old phrase for *make up* or *settle*. See page 107, note 7.

<sup>4</sup> He has as horrid a *conception* of him.

talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* [*Drawing.*] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,<sup>5</sup> I am for you.

[*Draws.*

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* [*To* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* [*To* *Sir And.*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

*Enter* Officers.

*I Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

<sup>5</sup> One who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrels of others; an intermeddler or intruder.



2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit  
Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. —  
Take him away : he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. — [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking  
you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.  
What will you do, now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me  
Much more for what I cannot do for you  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;  
But be of comfort.<sup>6</sup>

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;  
I'll make division of my present with you :  
Hold, there is half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none :

Nor know I you by voice or any feature :  
I hate ingratitude more in a man

<sup>6</sup> *Be of comfort* is old language for *be comforted*.

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O Heavens themselves !

*2 Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;  
Relieved him with all sanctity of love ;  
And to this image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*1 Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by : away !

*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :<sup>7</sup>  
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil  
Are empty trunks,<sup>8</sup> o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

*1 Off.* The man grows mad : away with him !—Come,  
come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself ; so do not I.<sup>9</sup>  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight ;—come hither, Fabian :  
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He named Sebastian : I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass ;<sup>10</sup> even such, and so,

<sup>7</sup> *Unkind*, here, is *unnatural*, *ungrateful*, or without natural affection. So the Poet often has *kind* for *nature*. See page 92, note 3.

<sup>8</sup> Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or *flourished* devices.

<sup>9</sup> That is, " I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."

<sup>10</sup> " His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure."

In favour was my brother ; and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate : O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love ! [Exit.

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward  
than a hare : his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here  
in necessity, and denying him ; and, for his cowardship, ask  
Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do ; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not, — [Exit.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.  
[Exeunt.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and the Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you ?

*Seb.* Go to, go to,<sup>1</sup> thou art a foolish fellow :

Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i'faith ! No, I do not know you ;  
nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak  
with her ; nor your name is not Master Cesario ; nor this is  
not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

<sup>1</sup> The phrase *go to*, now pretty much obsolete, was very common in the Poet's time, especially in colloquial language. Sometimes it is nearly equivalent to our *be off*, which appears to be the sense of it in this place ; and sometimes it means about the same as *come on*.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else :  
Thou knowst not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly ! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a Fool : vent my folly. I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney.<sup>2</sup> — I pr'ythee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady : shall I vent to her that thou art coming ?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,<sup>3</sup> depart from me :  
There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,  
I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. — These wise men, that give Fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for you.  
[*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and  
there ! [Beating *Sir ANDREW.*

Are all the people mad ?

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

<sup>2</sup> The meaning seems to be, "I am afraid this great *lumpish* world will be all given over to *cockneyism*." — *Cockney* seems to be understood the world over as a term for a Londoner. Minsheu's *Ductor in Linguas*, 1617, explains it thus : "A *Cockney* may be taken for a child tenderly and wantonly brought up." So, too, in Phillips's *World of Words*, 1670 : "*Cockney*, a nickname commonly given to one born and bred in the city of London ; also a fondling child, tenderly brought up and *cocker'd*." — "Ungird thy strangeness" is put off thy estrangement. The Clown, mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, thinks his non-recognition to be put on or assumed.

<sup>3</sup> *A merry Greek*, and a *foolish Greek*, were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth.

<sup>4</sup> That is, at a very extravagant price ; *twelve years'* purchase being then the current price of estates.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight : I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Come on, sir ; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone : I'll go another way to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;<sup>5</sup> come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now ?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

*Sir To.* What, what ? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

*Enter* OLIVIA.

*Oli.* Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold !

*Sir To.* Madam !

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd, out of my sight ! —  
Be not offended, dear Cesario. —  
Rudesby,<sup>6</sup> be gone ! — [*Exeunt Sir To., Sir And., and Fab.*

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> The verb to *flesh* and the noun *fleshment* were used of one's first service with the sword. So, too, an *unfleshed* sword is called a *maiden* sword. Sir Toby means to intimate that Sebastian, whom he supposes to be Viola, is too young to have ever handled that manly weapon before.

<sup>6</sup> An old term for *rude fellow*.

<sup>7</sup> *Extent*, as here used, is a legal term for a civil process whereby the person and property of a debtor were seized and held to answer in payment of the debt. See page 53, note 3.



Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;  
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
 Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go :  
 Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
 He started one poor heart<sup>8</sup> of mine in thee.

*Seb.* [*Aside.*] What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ?  
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :  
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;  
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pray : would thou'dst be ruled by me !

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter MARIA and the Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard ;  
 make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate : do it quickly ;  
 I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble<sup>1</sup> myself in't ;  
 and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a  
 gown. I am not tall<sup>2</sup> enough to become the function well ;  
 nor lean enough to be thought a good student : but to be said  
 an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to  
 say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors<sup>3</sup>  
 enter.

<sup>8</sup> An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike.

<sup>1</sup> That is, *disguise*. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide," says Hutton's *Dictionary*, 1583.

<sup>2</sup> *Tall* was sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, thus making a good antithesis to *lean*.

<sup>3</sup> *Confederate* or *partner* is one of the old senses of *competitor*. — To be a *good housekeeper* is to be *hospitable*. So, in *2 Henry VI.*, i. 1, we have *house-*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* God bless thee, master parson !

*Clo.* *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby : for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is is* ; so I, being master parson, am master parson ; for, what is *that* but *that*, and *is* but *is* ?<sup>4</sup>

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say, peace in this prison !

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Who calls there ?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend !<sup>5</sup> how vexest thou this man ! talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

*Sir To.* Well said, master parson.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged : good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad : they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy : say'st thou this house is dark ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] As Hell, Sir Topas.

*keeping for hospitality, or keeping open house* : " Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping, have won the greatest favour of the commons."

<sup>4</sup> A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

<sup>5</sup> This use of *hyperbolical* seems to be original with the Clown. Cowley, however, in his *Essay Of Greatness*, applies the phrase "hyperbolical fop" to one Senecio, who is described by Seneca the Elder as possessed with "a ridiculous affectation of grandeur"; insomuch that he would speak none but big words, eat nothing but what was big, nor wear any shoe that was not big enough for both his feet.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows<sup>6</sup> transparent as barricadoes, and the clere-storeys<sup>7</sup> toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.<sup>8</sup>

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock,<sup>9</sup> lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

<sup>6</sup> *Bay-windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross-beams in a building.

<sup>7</sup> *Clere-storeys*, in Gothic architecture, are the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

<sup>8</sup> That is, by *repeating the same question*. A crazy man, on being asked to repeat a thing he has just said, is very apt to go on and say something else. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 4 : "'Tis not madness that I have utter'd : bring me to the test, and I *the matter will re-word* ; which madness would gambol from."

<sup>9</sup> The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas !

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.<sup>10</sup>

*Mar.* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown : he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*  
*Tell me how thy lady does.*<sup>11</sup>

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool,—

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool,—

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] *Alas, why is she so ?*

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool, I say,—

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] *She loves another—Who calls, ha ?*

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Ay, good Fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits ?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool, there was never man so notoriously<sup>12</sup> abused : I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

<sup>10</sup> The meaning appears to be, I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character. Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, "He hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." And in his *Second Frutes* : "I am a knight for all saddles."

<sup>11</sup> This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder.

<sup>12</sup> *Notoriously* in the sense of *prodigiously* or *outrageously*. We have *notorious* in the same sense near the end of the play.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] They have here propertyed me;<sup>13</sup> keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here.<sup>14</sup>—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Sir Topas,—

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you,<sup>15</sup> good Sir Topas!—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool, Fool, Fool, I say,—

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent<sup>16</sup> for speaking to you.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* [*Within.*] By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

<sup>13</sup> "Taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself."

<sup>14</sup> The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.—"Advise you" is *bethink* you, *consider*, or *be careful*.—In the next line, "endeavour thyself to sleep" is *induce*, *persuade*, or *compose* thyself; *endeavour* being used transitively.

<sup>15</sup> Here we have the old phrase "God be with you" in the process of contraction into the modern phrase *good bye*. See page 105, note 6. Also Critical Note on "God b' wi' you! let's meet as little as we can," page 124.

<sup>16</sup> *Shent* is an old word for *scolded*, *blamed*, or *reprimanded*.



*Mal.* [*Within.*] Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.  
I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree :  
I pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Singing.*]

*I am gone, sir ; and anon, sir,*

*I'll be with you again,*

*In a trice, like to the old Vice,<sup>17</sup>*

*You need to sustain ;*

*Who, with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,*

*Cries, ah, ha ! to the Devil :*

*Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad ;*

*Adieu, goodman<sup>18</sup> Devil.*

[*Exit.*]

<sup>17</sup> Both the Vice and the Devil were stereotyped personages in the old Moral-plays which were in use for many ages before the Poet's time, and were then just going out of use. The Vice, sometimes called Iniquity, was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and armed with a dagger of lath. He commonly acted the part of a broad, rampant jester and buffoon, full of mad pranks and mischief-making, liberally dashed with a sort of tumultuous, swaggering fun. Especially, he was given to cracking ribald and saucy jokes with and upon the Devil, and treating him with a style of coarse familiarity and mockery ; and a part of his ordinary functions was to bestride the Devil, and beat him with his dagger till he roared, and the audience roared with him ; the scene ending with his being carried off to Hell on the Devil's back. The Vice was the germ of the professional Fool or Clown, which Shakespeare delivers in so many forms, and always so full of matter.

<sup>18</sup> *Goodman* in old language is nearly equivalent to *master*, or to our flattened form of it, *mister*. It was common for women to speak of their husbands as *my goodman*. And in St. Matthew, xx. 11 : "They murmured against the *goodman* of the house." Also in St. Luke, xii. 39. The verses in the text are most likely from an old popular song, of which nothing further is known.

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S *Garden*.*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* This is the air ; that is the glorious Sun ;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't :  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?  
I could not find him at the Elephant :  
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,<sup>1</sup>  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service ;  
For, though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I'm mad,—  
Or else the lady's mad : yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,<sup>2</sup>  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As I perceive she does. There's something in't  
That is deceivable.<sup>3</sup> But here the lady comes.

<sup>1</sup> *Credit* is oddly used here, but in the sense, apparently, of *information* or *intelligence*. So in a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton: "This bearer came from you with great speed. We have heard his *credit*, and find your carefulness and diligence very great."

<sup>2</sup> The language is very odd and obscure, and gives but a slight hint of the speaker's probable meaning. A good housekeeper, at the head of a large domestic establishment, naturally has her time a good deal occupied in taking account or receiving word of things that need to be done, and in issuing orders and directions for the doing of them, or for "their dispatch."

<sup>3</sup> *Deceivable* for *deceiving* or *deceptive* ; the passive form, again, with the active sense. See page 203, note 6.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry<sup>4</sup> by : there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful<sup>5</sup> soul  
May live at peace : he shall conceal it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,<sup>6</sup>  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth. What do you say ?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father ; — and heavens so  
shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine !<sup>7</sup> *[Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> A *chantry* was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having Masses sung therein for the souls of the founders ; a place for *chanting*.

<sup>5</sup> *Doubtful* in the sense of *fearful*. The Poet often uses *doubt* for *fear*.

<sup>6</sup> *Whiles* was often used thus in the sense of *until*. — *Note*, from the Latin *notitia*, is several times used by the Poet in the sense of *knowledge*. — The ceremony to which Olivia here so sweetly urges Sebastian is the ancient solemn troth-plight, as it was called, which, as it had the binding force of an actual marriage, might well give peace to an anxious maiden till the day of full nuptial possession should arrive.

<sup>7</sup> A bright, glad sunshine falling upon a bride or new-made wife was formerly thought auspicious ; it inspired a feeling that the Powers above were indeed smiling their benediction upon the act ; and so was fitting cause for prayer beforehand, and of thanksgiving afterwards. Of course this was a fond old superstition : but I believe marriage is not even yet so far enlightened and “ de-religionized ” but that something of the old feeling still survives.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Street before OLIVIA'S House.**Enter the Clown and FABIAN.**Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.*Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.**Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,<sup>1</sup> if your

<sup>1</sup> Warburton thought this should be, "conclusion to be asked is"; upon which Coleridge remarks thus: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence com-

four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me : there's gold.

[*Gives money.*]

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket,<sup>2</sup> sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer : there's another. [*Gives money.*]

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure ; as the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, — one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

pared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative." The Cambridge Editors, however, note upon the passage thus : " The meaning seems to be nothing more recondite than this : as in the syllogism it takes two premisses to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss."

<sup>2</sup> The Clown puns so swiftly here that it is not easy to keep up with him. The quibble lies between the two senses of *grace* as a title and as a gracious impulse or thought.



*Enter Officers, with ANTONIO.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well ;  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war :  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;<sup>3</sup>  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss <sup>4</sup>  
Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter ?

*I Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ;  
And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,<sup>5</sup>  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;  
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, —  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,<sup>6</sup>  
Hast made thine enemies ?

<sup>3</sup> *Unprizable* is evidently used here in the sense of *worthless*, or of *no price*. The Poet elsewhere has it in the opposite sense of *inestimable*.

<sup>4</sup> "The tongue of *loss*" here means the tongue of the *loser* ; but is much more elegant. — *Scathful* is *harmful*, *damaging*, or *destructive*.

<sup>5</sup> Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

<sup>6</sup> *Dear* is used in the same sense here as in *Hamlet* : "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven !" Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it ; *dear* being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *dere*, which signifies to *hurt*. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously cause us pain, distress, or solicitude : hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved.

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication ; for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Unto the danger of this adverse town ;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset :  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning —  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger —  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing  
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be ?

*Duke.* When came he to this town ?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord : and for three months before —  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy —  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*Duke.* Here comes the Countess : now Heaven walks on  
earth. —

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;  
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome<sup>7</sup> to mine ear

As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness. you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love?<sup>8</sup> a savage jealousy  
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument

<sup>7</sup> Both *fat* and *fulsome* seem here to have nearly the sense of *dull*, *gross*, or *sickening*. The Poet uses *fulsome* of a wine that soon palls upon the taste from its excessive sweetness.

<sup>8</sup> An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his *Ethiopsics*, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her; but, being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.

That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;  
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
 And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
 Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite. —  
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :  
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [ *Going.*

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [ *Following.*

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love  
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
 More, by all mores, than ere I shall love wife. —  
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,  
 Punish my life for tainting of my love !

*Oli.* Ah me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

*Vio.* Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself ? is it so long ? —

Call forth the holy father. [ *Exit an Attendant.*

*Duke.* [ *To VIOLA.* ] Come, away !

*Oli.* Whither, my lord ? — Cesario, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband !

*Oli.* Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah !

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety :<sup>9</sup>  
 Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;  
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
 As great as that thou fear'st. —

<sup>9</sup> " Suppress or disown thy *proper* self ; deny what you really are."

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Priest.*

O, welcome, father !

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold — though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe — what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract and eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;<sup>10</sup>  
And all the ceremony of this compáct  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I've travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?<sup>11</sup>  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?  
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest, —

*Oli.* O, do not swear !  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK with his head broken.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon ! send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter ?

<sup>10</sup> In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

<sup>11</sup> The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, "As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."



*Sir And.* 'Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help ! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

*Sir And.* The Count's gentlemen, one Cesario : we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman Cesario ?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings,<sup>12</sup> here he is !—You broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you : You drew you sword upon me without cause ; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me : I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. — Here comes Sir Toby halting, — you shall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates<sup>13</sup> than he did.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, led by the Clown.*

*Duke.* How now, gentleman ! how is't with you ?

*Sir To.* That's all one : 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

*Clo.* Ô, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim :<sup>14</sup> I hate a drunken rogue.

<sup>12</sup> *Lifelings* is a diminutive of *life*, as *pittikins* is of *pity*. 'Od's is one of the disguised oaths so common in old colloquial language ; the original form being *God's*. We have Imogen exclaiming 'Od's *pittikins* in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

<sup>13</sup> *Othergates* is an old word meaning the same as our *otherwise*.

<sup>14</sup> *Paynim*, meaning *pagan* or *heathen*, was of old a common term of reproach. Sir Toby is too deeply fuddled to have his tongue in firm keeping, and so uses *passy-measures* for *past-measure*, probably.

*Oli.* Away with him ! Who hath made this havoc with them ?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

*Sir To.* Will you help ? — an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave ! a thin-faced knave, a gull !

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I'm sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard<sup>15</sup> on me ; by that  
I do perceive it hath offended you :  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, —  
A natural perspective,<sup>16</sup> that is and is not !

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio !  
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee !

*Ant.* Sebastian are you ?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself ? —  
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

*Oli.* Most wonderful !

<sup>15</sup> A *strange regard* is a look of estrangement or alienation.

<sup>16</sup> A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described : " There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own," — where that which is, is not ; or appears, in a different position, another thing.

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother ;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —  
[*To VIOLA.*] Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb :  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed ;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, *Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola !*

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow, —

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* — And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that recórd is lively in my soul !  
He finishèd, indeed, his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets<sup>17</sup> to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,<sup>18</sup>  
That I am Viola : which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,  
Where lie my maid's weeds ; by whose gentle help

<sup>17</sup> *Let*, often used in the English Bible, but now obsolete, is an old word for *hinder* or *prevent*.

<sup>18</sup> The Poet repeatedly has *jump* in the sense of *agree* or *accord*.

I was preferr'd <sup>19</sup> to serve this noble Count.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [*To OLIVIA.*] So comes it, lady, you have been  
mistook :

But Nature to her bias drew in that.<sup>20</sup>  
You would have been contracted to a maid ;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, —  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.<sup>21</sup>

*Duke.* Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood. —  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck. —  
[*To VIOLA.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear ;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orbèd continent<sup>22</sup> the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand ;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him : — fetch Malvolio hither : —  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,

<sup>19</sup> *Prefer* was often used in the sense of *recommend*.

<sup>20</sup> To be *mistook* was sometimes used, as to be *mistaken* now is, in the sense of *making a mistake*. The mistake Olivia has made is in being betrothed to Sebastian instead of Viola ; but this was owing to the bias or pre-disposition of Nature, who would not have a woman betrothed to a woman.

<sup>21</sup> Sebastian applies the term *maid* apparently to himself, in the sense of *virgin*. And why not *maiden man* as well as *maiden sword* or *maiden speech* ?

<sup>22</sup> *Continent* formerly meant any thing that *contains*.

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter the Clown with a letter, and FABIAN.*

A most distracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —  
How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. 'Has here writ a letter to you : I should have given't you to-day morning ; but, as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much <sup>23</sup> when they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look, then, to be well edified when the Fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,—*

*Oli.* How now ! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.<sup>24</sup>

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore perpend,<sup>25</sup> my Princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* [*To FABIAN.*] Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab.* [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

<sup>23</sup> A common phrase in the Poet's time, meaning *it signifies not much*.

<sup>24</sup> "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the *voice* or frantic tone of a madman."

<sup>25</sup> *Perpend* is *consider or weigh*.



*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither. —

[*Exit* FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer. —

[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you ;<sup>26</sup> and, for your service  
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand : you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister ! — you are she.

*Re-enter* FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same. —

How now, Malvolio !

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :  
You must not now deny it is your hand, —  
Write from it,<sup>27</sup> if you can, in hand or phrase ;

<sup>26</sup> *Quit* for *acquit*, and in the sense of *release*, *discharge*, or *set free*. So in *Henry V.*, iii. 4: "For your great seats, now *quit* you of great shames." See, also, page 53, note 2.

<sup>27</sup> Write *differently* from it. We have similar phraseology in common use ; as, "His speaking was from the purpose."

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then ;  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people :  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck<sup>28</sup> and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character :  
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad : thou camest in smiling,  
And in such forms which here were presupposed  
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :  
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;  
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak ;  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceived in him : Maria writ

<sup>28</sup> *Geck* is from the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and here means a *fool*. — Here, as twice before in this play, *notorious* is used, apparently, for *egregious*.

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance ;<sup>29</sup>  
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
 That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled<sup>30</sup> thee !

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude, — one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one. — *By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad ;* — but do you remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagg'd :* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abused.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :  
 He hath not told us of the captain yet :  
 When that is known, and golden time convents,<sup>31</sup>  
 A solemn combination shall be made  
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
 We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come ;  
 For so you shall be, while you are a man ;  
 But, when in other habits you are seen,  
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all but the Clown.*]

<sup>29</sup> *Importance* for *importunity*. So, in *King Lear*, iv. 4: "Therefore great France my mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

<sup>30</sup> To treat with mockery or insult, to run a rig upon, and to make a butt of, are among the old senses of *baffle*.

<sup>31</sup> *Convents* is *agrees* or *comes fit*; a Latinism.

## SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and<sup>32</sup> a little tiny boy,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 A foolish thing was but a toy,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,<sup>33</sup>  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 With toss-pots still had drunken head,<sup>34</sup>  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit.

<sup>32</sup> This redundant use of *and* is not uncommon in old ballads.

<sup>33</sup> "When I was a boy, my mischievous pranks were little regarded; but, when I grew to manhood, men shut their doors against me as a *knave* and a *thief*." *Gate* and *door* were often used synonymously.

<sup>34</sup> "I had my head drunk with tossing off pots or drams of liquor." So a grog-shop is sometimes called a pot-house; and to *toss* is still used for to *drink*.

## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 137. *O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,*

*Stealing and giving odour.*—The original has *sound* instead of *south*. Pope, as is well known, substituted *south*, meaning, of course, the south *wind*, and was followed, I think, by all subsequent editors until Knight. The change is most certainly right. For with what propriety can a *sound* be said to “breathe upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour”? Moreover, in the old reading, we have a comparison made between a thing and *itself*! It is as much as to say, “The sweet sound came o'er my ear like the sweet sound.” The Poet evidently meant to compare the music to a sweet breeze loaded with fragrance; the former coming over the ear as the latter comes over another sense. So that the old reading is simply absurd. Knight and Grant White waste a deal of ingenious and irrelevant rhetoric in trying to make it good; but nothing of that sort can redeem it from absurdity. And by the methods they use we can easily read almost any sense we please into whatever words come before us. In this case, they but furnish an apt illustration of how a dotage of the old letter, and a certain exegetical jugglery, may cheat even good heads into an utter dereliction of common sense. — Some one has noted, that to suppose a comparison was here intended between the effect of music on the ear and that of fragrance on the sense of smell, is almost to ignore “the difference between poetry and prose.” O no! it is merely to recognize the difference between sense and nonsense. For how should *odour* affect us but through the sense of smell? But perhaps the writer, being in a jocular humour, caught the style of “sweet bully Bottom,” and so played the Duke into the funny idea of hearing an odour that he smelt, or of smelling a sound that he heard. For why not a sweet-sounding smell as well as a sweet-smelling sound? — In England, how-



ever, the south winds generally are so ill conditioned, that English editors are naturally reluctant to admit such a phrase as "the *sweet south*." But south winds are not the same everywhere as in England: and why may not the Poet have had in mind such a south as often breathes in other places? Nor do English writers always speak ill of winds that blow from southerly quarters. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, 1590, has the following: "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle *south-west* wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." And Lettsom notes upon the passage, "A south-wester is a *heavy gale* from the south-west; but we often have genial, bright, and growing weather from that quarter, as well as from the south."

P. 138. *The element itself, till seven years hence.* — The original has *heate* for *hence*. Corrected by Rowe. *Heat* is ridiculous.

P. 139. *When liver, brain, and heart,*

*These sovereign thrones.* her sweet perfections,

Are all supplied and fill'd *with one self king*. — The original prints "Are all supplied and fill'd" as the latter part of the second line, and "her sweet perfections" as the first part of the third. Sense, logic, grammar, and prosody, all, I think, plead together for the transposition, which was made by Capell.

#### ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 139. Vio. *What country, friends, is this?*

Cap.

*Illyria, lady.* — The

original has "*This is Illyria, Ladie.*" Pope omitted *This is*, and Dyce suspected it to be an interpolation.

P. 140. *When you, and this poor number saved with you.* — The original has *those* instead of *this*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 141.

*For whose dear loss,*

*They say, she hath abjured the company*

*And sight of men.* — The original transposes *company* and *sight*, and has *love* instead of *loss*. The former correction is Hammer's; the latter, Walker's.

P. 141.

*Yet of thee**I well believe thou hast a mind that suits*

*With this thy fair and outward character.*—The old text reads “*I will believe.*” The correction is Walker’s. We have many instances of *well* and *will* confounded.

## ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 143. *He hath, indeed, all most natural.*—So Collier’s second folio. The original has “*almost naturall.*”

P. 144. *What, wench ! Castiliano* *volto.*—So Hanmer. The original has *vulgo* for *volto*.

P. 145. *An thou let her part so.*—*Her* is wanting in the original. Supplied in the third folio.

P. 145. *Never in your life, I think ; unless you saw canary put me down.*—The original has *see* instead of *saw*.

P. 146. *For thou see'st it will not curl by nature.*—The original reads “*coole my nature.*” One of Theobald’s happy corrections.

P. 147. *And yet I will not compare with a nobleman.*—Instead of *a nobleman*, the original has *an old man*. But why should Sir Andrew here speak of comparing himself with *an old man* ? The whole drift of the foregoing dialogue is clearly against that reading. Theobald proposed the change ; and Dr. Badham, in *Cambridge Essays*, 1856, justly remarks upon it thus : “Sir Andrew has just been speaking of the Count Orsino as a rival whom he cannot pretend to cope with ; so that the allusion to nobleman is most natural.”

P. 148. *It does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.*—The old text reads “*a dam'd colour'd stocke.*” Corrected by Rowe. Knight changed *dam'd* to *damask*, which has been adopted in some editions. Collier’s second folio has *dun-colour'd*.

## ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 150.

*Thy small pipe*

*Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound.*—The original has

"shrill, *and* sound." I suspect it should be "shrill *of* sound." We have other instances where *of* and *&* were apparently confounded. The correction *in* was proposed anonymously.

## ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 152. *That's as much as to say.* — The original transposes the second *as*, thus: "That's as much to say *as*."

P. 153. *I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.* — The original has "*these* wise men," and omits *to be*. The former correction is Hanmer's; the latter was made by Capell, and is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 154. *For here comes one of thy kin.* — In the original, "*heere he comes.*" Rowe's correction.

P. 157. *If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief.* — The original reads "If you be *not* mad." The correction is Mason's, and is amply sustained by the context.

P. 158. Vio. *Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.*

Oli. *Tell me your mind.*

Vio. *I am a messenger.* — So Warburton. The original runs the three speeches all into one; the prefixes having probably dropped out accidentally. See foot-note 20.

P. 159. *Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.* — For my own part, I see no difficulty here; but many have stumbled at the text, and several changes have been proposed; the only one of which that seems to me much worth considering is Lettsom's: "Such a one as *I* this presents." See foot-note 22.

P. 159. *With adoratiöns, with fertile tears.*

*With groans that thunder love, &c.* — The second *with* is lacking in the old text. Inserted by Pope.

P. 160. *If I did love you in my master's flame,*

*With such a suffering, such a deadly love.* — The original has "such a deadly *life*." A very evident misprint, I think; yet it has waited a good while to be corrected.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 163. *My father was that Sebastian of Messaline.* — There is no such place known as *Messaline*; so some think, and apparently with good reason, that we ought to read *Mytilene*, the name of an island in the Archipelago.

P. 163. *Though I could not, with such an estimable wonder, over-far believe that.* — The original omits *an*, and thus leaves the passage so very obscure, to say the least, that it might well be, as indeed it has been, a great puzzle to the editors. Various changes have been proposed; but the insertion of *an* is by far the simplest and most satisfactory. It was proposed by Mr. W. W. Williams in *The Literary Gazette*, March 29, 1862, with the following remark: "I would submit that, if Sebastian's speech be read carefully, it will require no long pondering to perceive that he is modestly deprecating any comparison of himself with such a beautiful girl as his sister. If that be the purport of the words, — and there can hardly be a doubt about it, — the simple insertion of the indefinite article will meet all the necessities of the case." See foot-note 4.

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 164. *She took no ring of me: I'll none of it.* — The original reads "She took *the* ring." As this is not true, the explanation sometimes given of it is, that Viola, with instantaneous tact, divines the meaning of the ring, and takes care, at the expense of a fib, not to expose Olivia's tender weakness. But this, perhaps, is putting too fine a point upon it. Dyce at one time retained the old text; but in his last edition he says, "I now think it quite wrong, and that what has been said in defence of it is ridiculously over-subtile." The correction is from Collier's second folio.

P. 164. *That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue.* — So Walker. The original has "That me thought her eyes." The second folio fills up the gap in the verse by inserting *sure* instead of *as*.

P. 165. *Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!*

*For, such as we are made of, such we be.* — The original has "Alas, O frailtie is the cause," and "such as we are made, *if* such we

be." The second folio substitutes *our* for *O*, and Hanmer printed "*ev'n* such we be." The common reading is as in the text. Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 165. *And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,*

*As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.* — The original has "*And she, mistaken,*" &c. Corrected by Dyce.

#### ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 170. *Out o' time sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward?* — So Theobald. The old text has *tune* instead of *time*. As the whole speech is evidently addressed to Malvolio, *tune* cannot be right; while *time* accords perfectly with what has passed a little before between Sir Toby and the steward.

P. 171. *To challenge him the field.* — So the old copies; but commonly printed "*to the field*"; "*improperly, I believe,*" says Dyce.

P. 171. Sir And. *Possess us, possess us.* — In the old text, this speech is given to Sir Toby. Corrected by Walker; who remarks, "Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio."

P. 172. Sir To. *And your horse now would make him an ass.* — Here we have just the converse of the preceding instance: the speech has the prefix "*An.*" in the original. But the speech is too keen for Sir Andrew to make. Tyrwhitt pointed out the error.

#### ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 174. *Go seek him out: — and play the tune the while.* — The original lacks *Go* at the beginning of this line. Supplied by Capell.

P. 175. *Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,*

*More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has "*lost and worne.*"

P. 176.

Lay me, O, where

*Sad true-love never find my grave.* — The original has "*Sad true lover.*" Corrected by Capell.



P. 177. *No motion of the liver, but the palate, —*

*That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt.* — The original has *suffer*, which is convicted of error by the explanations it has called forth. Corrected by Rowe.

#### ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 182. *And perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel.* — The original has “play with *my* some rich jewel”; *my* being probably repeated by mistake.

P. 182. *Though our silence be drawn from us by th’ ears, yet peace.* — So Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. The original has the strange reading, “drawn from us *with cars*”; which has provoked some explanations equally strange. As Dyce remarks, “*bith* was very common as the contraction of *by the*; and therefore *bith ears* might easily be corrupted into *with cars*.” So I leave the text, though I have little doubt it should be *wi’ th’ ears*: for the Poet very often uses *with* in such cases where we should use *by*, and the double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to make one syllable, is very frequent with him.

P. 183. *And with what wing the staniel checks at it!* — The original has *stallion*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 186. *God and my stars be praised.* — God, *I thank Thee.* — In both these places, the original has *Jove*. But Malvolio is not a Heathen; he is rather a strait-laced sort of Christian; such a one as would be very apt to ascribe his supposed good fortune to the fact of his being among “the elect.” So I suspect that *Jove* was inserted by some second hand in compliance with the well-known statute against profanation. Halliwell prints as in the text; and I was fully convinced it ought to be so, long before I knew he had printed it so.

#### ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 188. *So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar.* — The original has *lyes* instead of *lives*; an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 189. *Would not a pair of these breed, sir?* — The original reads “Would not a pair of these *have bred*.” But the course of the dialogue plainly requires the sense of the future.

P. 190. Not, *like the haggard, check at every feather*

*That comes before his eye.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*And like the Haggard,*" which just contradicts the sense required. Johnson suggested the reading in the text, and rightly explained the meaning of the passage to be, "He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed haggard, to seize all that comes in his way."

P. 190. *For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;*

*But wise men's folly, shown, quite taints their wit.* — The original has "*But wisemens folly false, quite taint their wit*"; from which no rational meaning can be gathered. The word *shows*, in the preceding line, points out the right reading. Hanmer made the correction. See foot-note 12.

P. 191. *I'll get 'em all three ready.* — The original has "all three *already*." Corrected in the third folio.

P. 192. *Give me leave, I beseech you.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *I*.

#### ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 194. *Did she see thee the while, old boy?* — So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *thee*.

P. 196. *We'll call thee at thy cubiculo.* — So Hanmer. The original has *the* instead of *thy*.

P. 197. *For Andrew, if he were open'd, an you find so much blood in his liver, &c.* — The original has "if he were open'd, *and* you find." The correction is Walker's. *And* is indeed an archaic form of the old concessive *an*.

P. 197. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.* — So Theobald. The old text has *mine* instead of *nine*. See foot-note 11.

#### ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 198. *As might have drawn me to a longer voyage.* — The original has *one* instead of *me*. Corrected by Heath.

P. 198. *I can no other answer make, but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks ; too oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.* — In the original, the second line stands thus: "And thanks: and *ever* oft good turnes." A large number of readings has been made or proposed. That in the text is by Seymour.

## ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 200. *I have sent after him : says he, he'll come,  
How shall I feast him ?* — The old text reads "*he says hee'll come.*" But the concessive sense is evidently required, not the affirmative. Theobald saw this clearly, and so printed "*say he will come.*" The simple transposition made in the text gets the same sense naturally enough ; the subjunctive being often formed in that way.

P. 202. *My yellow stockings !* — The original has *Thy* instead of *My*. The correction is Lettsom's, and a very happy one it is too.

P. 202. *Let thy tongue twang arguments of State.* — The original has "let thy tongue *langer* with arguments." The second folio substitutes *tang* for *langer* ; *tang* being merely an old form or spelling of *twang*. See the letter as given in full in ii. 5, page 185.

P. 202. *But it is God's doing, and God make me thankful.* — Here, again, as also later in the same speech, the original has *Jove*. See note on "God and my stars be praised," page 247.

P. 205. *Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.* — So Rowe and various others. The original has "and *to* exceeding." I cannot see what business *to* has there.

P. 207. *I've said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out.* — So Theobald. The original has "too unchary *on't*" ; which some editors still retain, and try to support with arguments more ingenious than sound.

P. 208. *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration.* — So Pope. The original has "with *unhatch'd* rapier." To *hatch* was used for to *ornament* ; so that *unhatch'd* rapier would

hardly accord with the occasion. Of course an *unhack'd* rapier is a rapier that has done no service in fight. So in *King John*, ii. 1: "With *unhack'd* swords and helmets all unbruised."

# ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 210. SCENE V. — *The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.* — The original and most modern editions print this scene as a continuation of the preceding one. In the Poet's time, changes of scene were not unfrequently left to the imagination of the audience; the machinery and furniture not being so ample then as in later days. The course of the action and various particulars of the dialogue, as any one will see who notes them carefully, plainly require a change of scene in this place. Dyce arranges as in the text.

P. 213. *Relieved him with all sanctity of love ;  
And to this image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.*

*But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!* — The original has "with *such* sanctity," and "to *his* image." With the former, the text has so abrupt and misplaced a break in the sense, that Walker thought, as he well might, that a line had dropped out after *love*. The context, I think, fairly requires the sense of *all* instead of *such*. *Much* might more easily be misprinted *such*, but is not strong enough for the place. The common reading sets a dash after *love*, of course to indicate a break in the sense: the original has a (;) as if not aware of any break. "To *this* image" is proposed by Walker; and the occurrence of *idol* in the last line shows it to be right. Antonio does not mean that he has been worshipping an image of the supposed Sebastian, but that what he 'has taken for something divine turns out to be but a hollow image.

# ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 215. *I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "this great *lubber* the World." Douce proposed to read "this great *lubberly* word," taking *word* as referring to *vent*, and that reading is adopted by White, who explains *great lubberly* as meaning *pretentious*. Dyce says, "I can hardly believe that Shakespeare would have made the Clown speak of *vent* as a 'great lubberly word.'"

P. 215. *Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there!*

*Are all the people mad?* — The original lacks the last *and there*, which was added by Capell. Such omissions are apt to occur in case of such repetitions.

P. 217. *Nay, come, I pray: would thou'dst be ruled by me.* — So Pope. The original has "*Nay come I prethee.*" Walker says, "*Read I pray* ; the other is too rugged for a rhyming couplet."

#### ACT-IV., SCENE 2.

P. 218. Sir To. God *bless thee, master parson.* — Here also the old text has *fove* ; quite as much out of place as in the former instances.

P. 218. *Say'st thou this house is dark?* — The original has *that* instead of *this*. Corrected by Rann.

P. 220. *I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.* — The original omits *to*. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 221. *Are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?* — This must mean "Are you really sane? or do you but pretend to be so?" Johnson proposed to strike out *not*, and, I suspect, rightly. That would give the meaning, "Are you really mad? or have you merely been shamming madness?" which seems more in keeping with the Clown's humour.

P. 222. Adieu, goodman *Devil.* — The original has "*goodman divell*"; thus making a rhyme by repeating the same word. Many recent editors change *divell* to *drivel*. Still I must think the change to be wrong: for such repetitions, instead of rhymes proper, are not unfrequent in old ballads; especially where the rhymes are not consecutive.

#### ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 226. *The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; as the bells of Saint Bennet, &c.* — So Hanmer. The old text has *or* instead of *as*.

P. 231. *A contract and eternal bond of love.* — So Collier's second folio. Instead of *and*, the original repeats *of* by anticipation.



P. 232. *Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim.*—The original has *panyn*, which Pope corrected to *paynim*, an old form of *pagan*. The second folio changes *panyn* to *Pavin*. See foot-note 14.

P. 233. *You throw a strange regard on me ; by that*

*I do perceive it hath offended you.*—The original reads “a strange regard *upon* me, and by that.” The reading in the text is Lettsom’s; who remarks, “*and* is wretchedly flat here; it probably crept in from the line above. Pope and others have ‘*on* me, by which,’ &c.”

P. 234. *I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,*

*Where lie my maid's weeds ; by whose gentle help*

*I was preferr'd to serve this noble Count.*—The old text has *Captaine* instead of *captain's*, *maiden* instead of *maid's*, and *preserv'd* instead of *preferr'd*. The first change is from Collier’s second folio; the other two were made by Theobald, one for the metre, the other for the sense; as *preserv'd* gives an untrue meaning. A little further on, Viola speaks of “my *maid's* garments.”

P. 236. *A most distracting frenzy of mine own.*—So Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. The original has “most *extracting* frenzy.” Here *extracting* has to be explained in the sense of *distracting*, while it does not appear that the word was ever used in that sense. And the preceding line has *distract* in the same sense.

P. 237. *One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you.*—The old text has “th’ alliance *on't*”; the easiest of misprints. Of course *on's* is a contraction of *on us*. The Poet has many such.

P. 238.

*It was she*

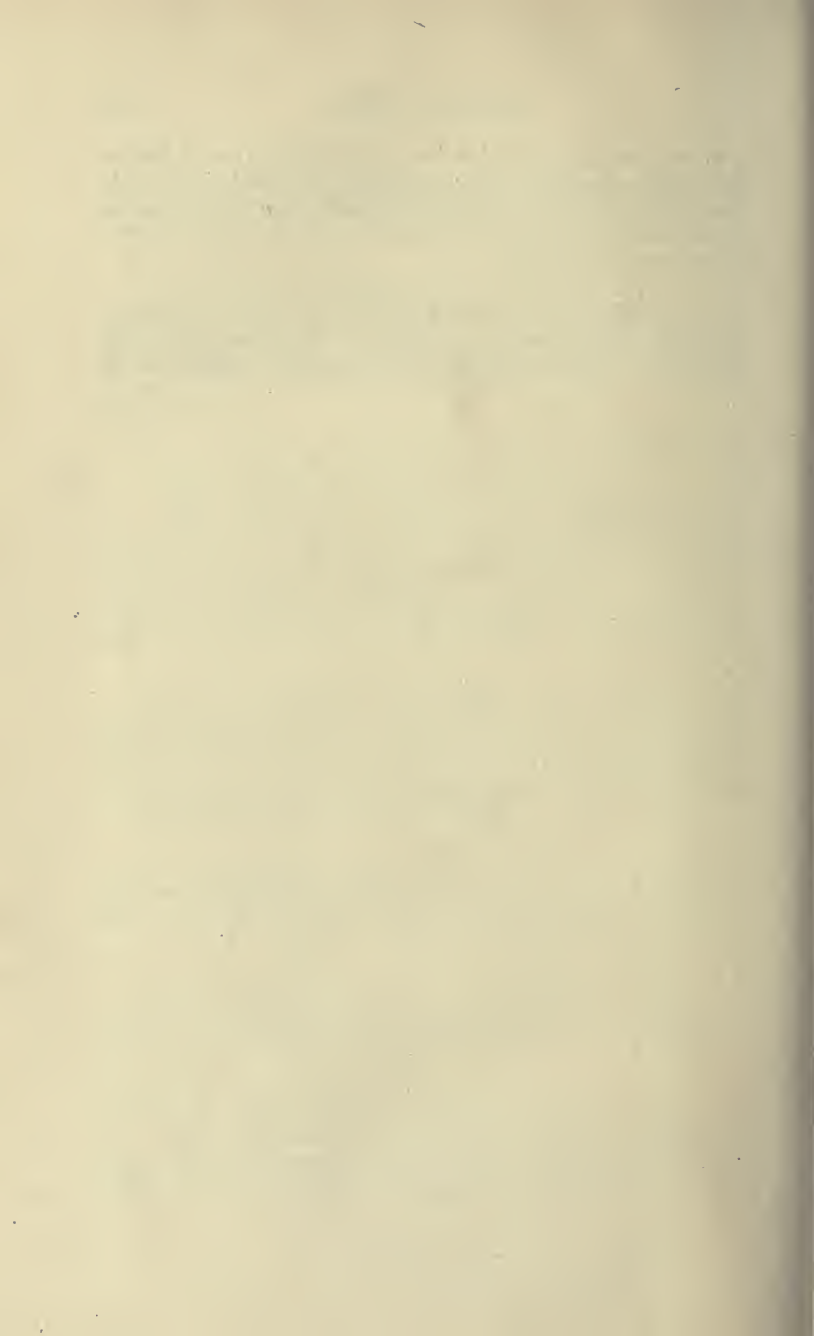
*First told me thou wast mad : thou camest in smiling.*—So Collier’s second folio, and with manifest propriety. The old text has *then* instead of the second *thou*.

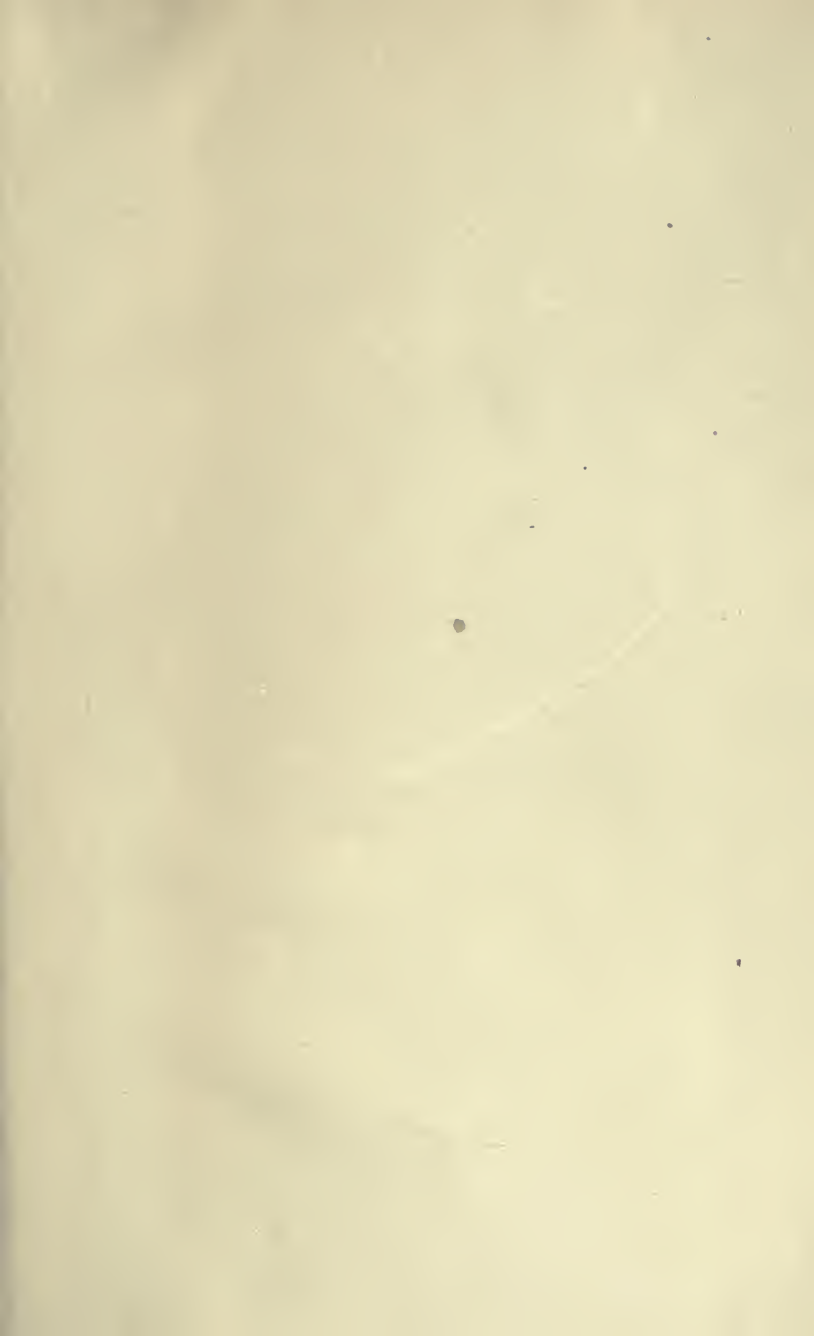
P. 238. *Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts*

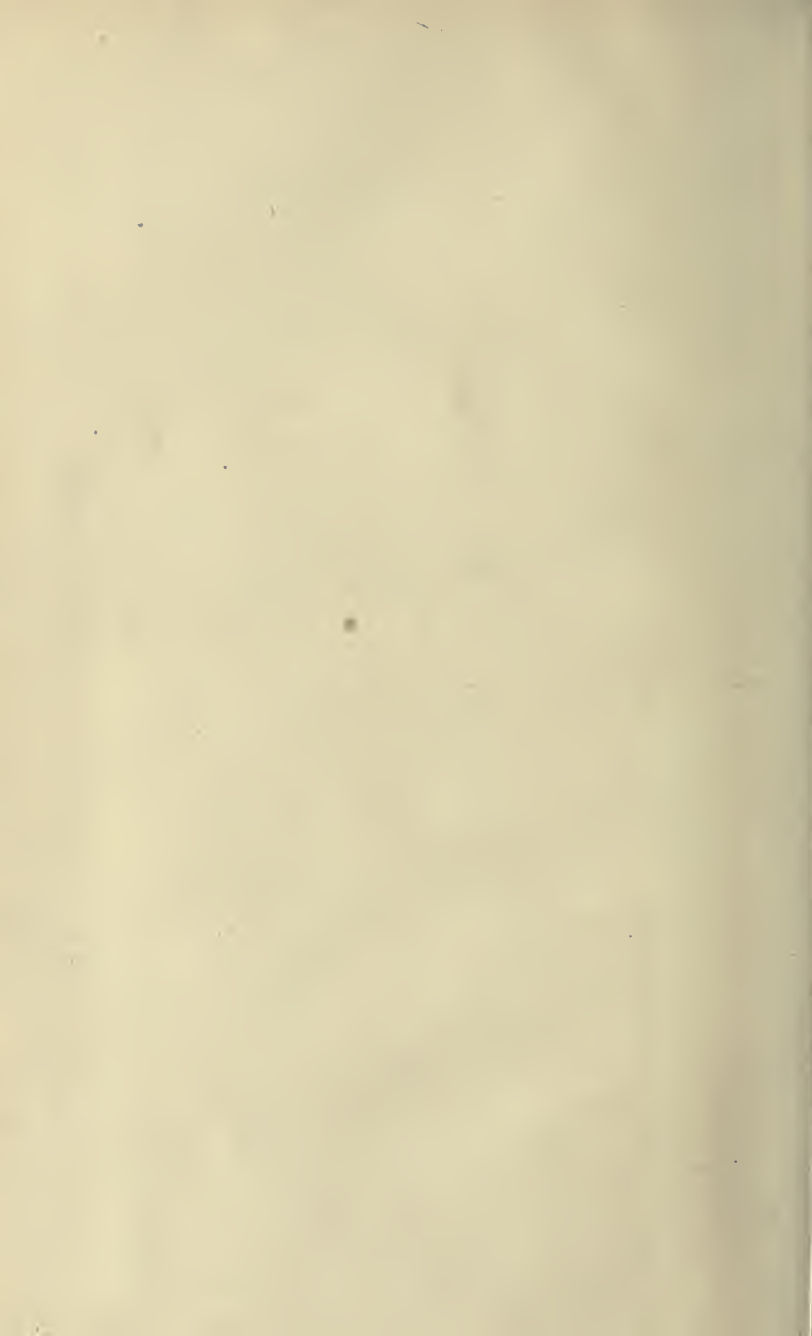
*We had conceived in him.*—The original reads “conceiv’d *against* him,” defeating both sense and verse. No doubt *against* crept in from the second line before. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 239. *Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled thee!* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *fool* instead of *soul*. It is true, as Dyce notes, that the Poet has *poor fool* repeatedly as a term of familiar endearment or of pitying fondness; but that seems to me too strong a sense for this place.

P. 240. *'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate.* — So Farmer. The original has "*Knaves and Theeves.*" Also, in the second stanza after, it has "*unto my beds,*" and "*drunken heades.*" See foot-note 33.













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